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Pro-Slavery.

"A SOUTH-SIDE VIEW OF SLAVERY."

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

BOSTON, Nov. 9, 1854.

SOMETHING new in the book line is about to appear, namely, "A South-Side View of Slavery, or Three Months at the South, in 1854, by Nehemiah Adams, D.D.," of this City. Such is its title. The book is to be published by T. R. Marvin and B. B. Mussey & Co. I have been favoured with the reading of the entire volume in advance of its publication. I went carefully through its 214 pages at a sitting of five hours. Unless one is partial to novels, he will find it more interesting than a novel, for truth is not only stronger than fiction, but, properly presented, it is decidedly more interesting.

In general, we may say that this book seems to present both sides of the vexed subject of slavery, though it is called the "South Side." It particularly dwells upon the sunny side, for there is such a side, and the author found it, and is about the only Northern writer who has had the magnanimity to present it in a book. Somebody has lately called Mr. Adams "a timid, over-prudent man," but there is no evidence of it in this book, but rather the reverse. We should say that there is not one Northern pastor in a hundred who would have had the moral heroism to write such a book, at such a time. The general conservatism of the volume will bring down the rank and file of the ultraists upon the author's devoted head. The Beecher genus and all its sympathizers will abuse Mr. Adams, because he has surpassed all the critics in showing the perniciousness of Uncle Tom as a work on slavery; and they will be the more angry because the Christian temper and candour and argument of the author has made his work at the same time effectual and unanswerable. And, then, all the avowed Abolition infidels will oppose the book, because the author sticks close to the words of God. On the whole, Conservative Christian and Union men, both North and South, will be pleased with the general tone of the book, though they may not accept every opinion, while all the ultra parties, while they cannot resist the reading of the book or deny the stubborn facts, will feel bound to condemn it to sustain their theories.

Let us now dip into the volume a little. The book opens with six chapters, mostly on the sunny side of slavery, embracing the modification of the author's views by his actual and first visit to the slave States. And then follow two chapters on the revolting features of slavery. Next and last come miscellaneous topics, such as "Approaches to Emancipation, what shall we do?" "Influence of Uncle Tom's Cabin at home and abroad"; "British Interest in American Slavery"; with the close, or 17th chapter, on "Cheerful Views." Some may say that such a book was made to sell. It will sell; but yet the author seems so bold and independent throughout that one would hardly think he thought of dollars or cents, or of pleasing anybody in particular.

Let us see something of the author's bright side of slavery. On the dress of a party of slaves, on the Sabbath, that he saw, Mr. Adams remarks: "To see slaves with broadcloth suits, well-fitting and nicely-ironed fine shirts, polished boots, gloves, umbrellas for sunshades, the best of hats, their young men with their blue coats and bright buttons, in the latest style, white Marseilles vests, white pantaloons, broaches in their shirt-bosoms, gold chains, elegant sticks, and some old men leaning on their ivory and silver-headed staves, as respectable in their attire as any who that day went to the house of God, was more than I was prepared to see. As to that group of them under the trees, had I been unseen, I would have followed my impulse to shake hands with the whole of them, as a vent to my pleasure in seeing slaves with all the bearing of respectable, dignified, Christian gentlemen. As it was, I involuntarily lifted my hat to them, which was responded to by them in such smiles, uncoverings of the head, and graceful salutations, that, Scribe or Pharisee, I felt that I did love such greetings in the market places from such people."

Mr. Adams speaks of the prevention of crime in the South, among the lower classes, which happens from the fact that slaves are amenable, day and night, to masters. He says:

"A prosecuting officer, who had six or eight counties in his district, told me that, during eight years of service, he had made out about two thousand bills of indictment, of which not more than twelve were against coloured people. It must follow, of necessity, that a large amount of crime is prevented by the personal relation of the coloured man to a white citizen. It would be a benefit to some of our immigrants at the North, and to society, if government would thus prevent or reach disturbances of the peace through masters, overseers or guardians. But we cannot rival in our police measures the beneficial system of the South, in its distributive agencies to prevent burglaries and arson."

As the Abolitionists generally, and some of our religious societies in particular, are disposed to withdraw the Gospel from the South, because all slaves are not at once taught to read the Bible, let us note what Dr. Adams says on this point:

"The negroes are as faithfully and thoroughly instructed in the words of God as any class of people. It is true of them as the Catechism says, that 'the spirit of God maketh—especially by the preaching—an effectual means of convicting and converting sinners, and of binding them up in holiness and comfort through faith unto salvation.'"

The time must come when every slave can read the Bible; but if one declares that the withholding of it is fatal, it may be asked, how were men saved before the art of printing made copies of the Bible generally accessible? Multitudes of our British ancestors learned the way to heaven, who never owned a copy of the Scriptures. Those words, unintelligible to many, in the title-pages of Bibles, "appointed to be read in churches," "show how the people in those days obtained their knowledge of the sacred oracles. The slaves are far better off than they. Large numbers of them can read, and are furnished with the Scriptures, and have as good facility in quoting Scripture in their prayers as Christians generally."

The following extract is worthy the attention of the true friends of the slave:

"A slaveholder of liberal education and great influence at the South, and withal an extreme defender of the system of slavery, made a declaration which, for many reasons, impressed me, perhaps, more than anything which fell from the lips of a Southerner. He said, 'If the North had directed its strength against the evils of slavery, instead of assailing it as a sin *per se*, it could not have survived to the present day.' This is confirmed by many witnesses, and may teach us wisdom in time to come."

We had marked several other passages as worthy of notice, but have space for no more extracts. He states that there is far less infidelity at the South than at the North, and fewer of errorists generally. Slaves are rarely insane, and therefore cannot be very unhappy. He anticipates changes in favour of the elevation of the slaves, some of which have commenced. If the remainder of the 3,000 clergymen who signed the Nebraska remonstrance, which Dr. Adams signed, as he says, and aided in framing, could increase in their knowledge and charity in reference to a great and delicate question of the day, as this author has, they cannot do better for themselves and their parishes, and their country, than to spend three months at the South, and that very soon. We have great faith that it would prevent a dissolution of the Union. We are quite sure that it would prevent the dissolving of many parishes, by restoring the mental health of those who are at their head.

I was greatly interested in reading Dr. Styles's Report in favour of the Southern Aid Society, as published in your paper. It seemed to me to amount to a demonstration in favour of the Society, so that he might have said, when he closed, with Euclid—"Q. E. D." The speech of Dr. Newton was another demonstration of a different kind—one from observation and experience. It is seldom that so much real Gospel gets into a platform speech. Let us have the entire proceedings of that meeting scattered through New England. Particularly, let every intelligent pastor have an opportunity to read them, and they will conquer our mountains of prejudice that have risen up as high as Mount Washington. At least, the reading of such documents will open the hearts and purses of many in New England. Send us the documents and appoint a New England agent, and I am not sure that you will not realize $4,000, or your last year's receipts, in New England alone.

The reaction, on the subject of slavery, in New England is becoming more and more marked; and some of the best minds are at the head of it. Dr. Blagden preached his conservative Fast Day sermon, we believe, in 1848. It has since been printed. And now he is maintaining his views in a controversy with the editors of a politico-religious paper here, and is as strong as the Bible, on which he plants himself. This year, appeared President Lord's pamphlet, which has been reviewed in the *Vermont Chronicle*, that called out Dr. Lord in a reply, and the paper in a rejoinder. Here Dr. Lord evinces by far the most thorough acquaintance with the subject, and is generally unanswerable in argument. Besides, a pamphlet lately appeared, reviewing a discourse of Rev. Mr. Frothingham, of Salem, by a Layman, on the same side. It is very able, and thoroughly exposes the Parker views of the preacher. And now we have the book of Dr. Adams, who finds the Bible a better guide on the subject of slavery than infidel reformers, or the writings of those who exalt reason and philosophy above revelation. There is hope, then, that the religious bodies of New England will return from their wanderings, and plant themselves once more firmly and immovably upon the words of God. If the religious people of the country will do that, slavery will either come to an end or be so mild and Christian as no longer to deserve the name.

Selections.

GERRIT SMITH IN SELF-VINDICATION.

PETERBORO', Nov. 1, 1854.

WILLIAM GOODELL—*Dear Friend:* I see, in the *American Jubilee*, that you, too, are unsparing in your criticisms upon my unlucky career in Congress. Unlucky, indeed, since it meets with favour at the hands of neither friends nor foes!

These plaguy Whigs are the ruin of me! They have taken all the wind out of my Abolition sails! They have carried off all my Abolition honours. And not content with that, they have cast me down into the class of pro-slavery men.

What a godsend to the Whigs was the Nebraska bill! All of them in the free States arrayed themselves against it. This was, it is true, a cheap way of making themselves Abolitionists. But, that it made them really such was what they insisted on, in the ears of the credulous and silly Abolitionists. I am sorry that I have to call them credulous and silly. But, alas, too many of them have proved themselves to be such. The Whigs now claimed, with more plausibility and effect than ever, that no other anti-slavery organization than the Whig party is necessary; and that this party is clearly entitled to the votes of all who sympathize with the slave. All this told upon the mass of Abolitionists. But in that mass there is a very radical little handful, who are slow to believe in the Abolition character of the Whig party, even after all that the Nebraska occasion has done to improve such character. They are slow to attribute a genuine Abolition to the party that insulted and vilified them, because they would not vote for the slaveholder, Henry Clay; to the party that elected the slaveholder, Gen. Taylor; to the party whose Millard Fillmore signed the diabolical Fugitive Slave law. What, now, should the Whig party do with this little handful? One thing they could do with it—and that they quickly determined to do. They could strike at it, through me. By utterly disgracing me, they could do something toward disgracing it. By making it appear that I am but a hypocrite, and no Abolitionist at all, they would make room for the inference that all the Abolitionists of my radical type are but hypocrites, and no Abolitionists at all. So at it they went. It was my misfortune to be a member of Congress. Hence, since voting against the Nebraska bill had become the sole test of an Abolitionist—the sole proof of being an Abolitionist—all that was necessary to blast my Abolition character was to spread the impression that I did not vote against it. This impression was spread as rapidly and as universally as the many-tongued Whig press could spread it. And my delinquency, in order to aggravate it to the utmost, was ascribed to a peculiarly disgraceful cause. It was, everywhere, said that I had been guilty of preferring my bed to my duty—of preferring the indulgence of sleep to keeping vigils for liberty.

It is true that there were two things which stood, pretty sternly, in the way of convincing the country that I fled from the vote on the Nebraska bill. One was that, of the radical speeches made against the Nebraska bill, mine was, confessedly on all hands, the most radical; and was, therefore, quite as like as any other speech to be followed up by the vote of its author. The other, and far more important, thing was that the records showed my vote against the bill. Yes, the records showed that, in spite of my much laughed at honest habit of going to bed at nine o'clock, I was, nevertheless, in the Capito', an hour before midnight, to vote against the Nebraska bill.

These were, indeed, obstacles in the way of the undertaking. But they were not insurmountable. "A lie well stuck to" can overcome almost any truth. The Whig press has abundantly proved the power of such perseverance. Its continued representations, from that day to this, that I did not vote against the Nebraska bill have, in the public mind generally, overcome the truth, that I did vote against it. All truth to the contrary notwithstanding, the Whigs have, nevertheless, succeeded in getting the country to class me with the Nebraskaites. I am riding in the same troop with Cass, Douglass & Co. In a word, the Whigs, as I said at the beginning of my letter, have ruined my Abolition character—and, what is worst of all, they have ruined it in the eyes of my fellow-Abolitionists. Even you yourself were surprised when learning from me that I did vote on the Nebraska bill. You had believed then that I did not vote on it. On my return from Washington, I found that some of my intelligent neighbours did not know that I voted on it. They read Whig newspapers. I was in a County Anti-Slavery Convention in Morrisville, a few days ago. The subject of my course on the Nebraska bill came up, and consumed an hour. Several of the speakers had supposed, until then, that I did not vote on the bill; and it was manifest, from what was said, that, to this day, there is a wide-spread belief, even in my own county, that I did not vote on it. Inquiries whether I voted on it, and even how I voted on it, are continually coming to me, by mail and otherwise, from all parts of the State. Oh, these Whig newspapers!

I will add another illustration of the power of the Whig press to mislead the Abolitionists. When in Rochester, a few weeks since, I called on one of the earliest and most intelligent Abolitionists. In the couse of our conversation, he expressed his regret that I did not make a speech in Congress against slavery! He reads the Whig newspapers, and, like myself, he is especially fond of the *New York Tribune*. I conjecture that, as he had read so often, in this able and interesting newspaper, of my actual or probable apostacy from the cause of the slave, he had lost all impression of the speeches which I had made in Congress for the slave.

But of all the illustrations of the power of the Whig press over Abolitionists, in this matter of my relation to the Nebraska bill, none has so much astonished me, and, I confess, none has so much pained me, as a resolution adopted by a National Convention of coloured people, held in Cleveland, Ohio, last August. That Convention, after passing resolutions in high praise of Mr. Garrison and other prominent Abolitionists, condescended to notice me in the following insulting resolution:

"Resolved, That we heartily regret the refusal of our *recent* ardent friend, Hon. Gerrit Smith, further to serve the cause of the oppressed in the Councils of this nation, and hope that, on due reflection, he may yet consent to lose a meal of victuals, or an hour's sleep, for the cause of down-trodden and suffering humanity."

I must think that, however poor and valueless my well-intended services for my coloured brethren, it was in no respect proper, but in every respect most ungracious and unamiable, so to requite them.

By the way, it has ever been so, that the Abolitionists have consented to be befooled and bewitched by the Whig press. They take the Whig papers, and read them, and believe them; and they actually judge of each other, not in the light of what they know of each other, but in the light of what the Whig papers tell them of each other. In spite of all lessons to the contrary, the Abolitionists will still have it that the Whigs are nearly related to them—as nearly as first cousins, if not, indeed, as nearly as half brothers; and they will have it, too, that the trustworthiness of the Whigs is as great as their relationship is near. Hence the fact that Abolitionists have so little confidence in each other—for the Whigs succeed in destroying such confidence. And from this fact comes the further fact, that the public have little confidence in Abolitionists; for, if they refuse to confide in each other, the public will naturally refuse to confide in them. I scarcely need add that this failure, by reason of the Whigs, to command the public respect accounts, in no small degree, for the slow progress of our principles. The best of principles are greatly prejudiced by the lack of confidence in their especial and prominent advocates.

I would say, in this congection, that I think no better of the Democrats than I do of the Whigs. The Democrats are undisguised, open servants of the Slave Power; and, hence, I need say nothing to guard Abolitionists against seductive and misleading influences in that quarter.

But it is by no means in respect to the Nebraska bill only that my Congressional life has fallen under censure. Indeed, after the Whigs got the people into the habit of finding fault with me, nothing I could say or do would suit the people. The Whigs got me going down hill; and then I received a rapid succession of kicks from all sides. To illustrate for what purely imaginary offences I was kicked, in some instances, the Garrison Abolitionists of Ohio fell upon me, because, on the floor of Congress, I treated all the members of Congress as gentlemen. Surely, there is not another person of whom they would have complained for conforming himself to this conventional decorum—a conventional decorum which is observed in every other assembly as well as in Congress, and by Garrison Abolitionists as much as by any other decent people. Nevertheless, for my having done what every one of them is civil enough to do, they actually resolved, at their late meeting in Ohio (so far as I recollect the tenor of the resolution), that I am a grand corruptor of the public morals! But I do not blame these good people for their harsh resolution. The public habit of complaining of my course in Congress was so strong that they could not keep themselves from sliding into it. Besides, as they had passed a resolution, two years before, that I was an apostate from the anti-slavery cause, they were strongly tempted to pass a resolution now which should be somewhat in keeping with that. But I repeat, that I do not blame them. I hold the Whigs responsible for it all—for they began it all. Nor do I feel hard toward the Whigs. Poor fellows! they have so many sins to answer for, I shall never hurt nor hate them for their sins against me.

I will here say that I was struck with the influence of the Whig press upon the Temperance press. Considering that I was one of the very earliest soldiers in the Temperance army, and that I was making Temperance speeches in Washington—ay (and what was a new thing), in Congress itself, and considering, moreover, that I was endeavouring to bring the members of Congress under the good influence of a cold-water dinner-table—I did flatter myself that I should have the sympathy and commendation of the Temperance press. I confess that I was not altogether destitute of such reward. Nevertheless, in the case of some of the Temperance newspapers, the reward was overbalanced by complaints of my course on the Nebraska bill. Far different had been their treatment of me had I been a Whig, and had the Whig press led off in praise, and not in disparagement, of me.

I could not but observe the influence of the Whig press on the religious press also. I carried into Congress the religion of Jesus Christ. My speeches acknowledged its claims, and were imbued with its spirit. Nevertheless, there were few of the religious newspapers to give me their countenance; and some of them relished and repeated the misrepresentations of the Whig press concerning me. Perhaps, however, the unkind aspect of the religious press toward me was not all of Whig influence. I have not, for these twenty years, been an especial favourite with the religious press.

I said that it was not in respect to the Nebraska bill only that my Congressional life is complained of. Another cause of complaint, and the only other one I will refer to in this letter, is the remark, in my speech on the Mexican Treaty, that I should be willing to have Cuba come to us "even if she shall not previously abolish her slavery." This remark was the occasion of a fresh onslaught upon me. Many Whig papers were now severer than ever upon me; and the *National Era* and other anti-slavery papers, which had spared me thus far, could spare me no longer. The *Era* was, of course, temperate and courteous—for its editor combines with great ability the bearing of a gentleman. There were some anti-slavery papers, however, which spoke very unkindly, and very coarsely, of me. I had now become, in the esteem of such papers, an open apostate from the holy cause of freedom. They declared that I was no longer fit to remain in Congress, and that they were glad of the resignation of my seat. The *National Anti-Slavery Standard* was very ill-natured toward me: and even Mr. Garrison, though he said nothing himself against my much censured position concerning Cuba, consented to copy into his paper some of the very ugliest things that were said against it.

But I will delay no longer to come to your review of this position. You put the very worst possible construction on it. I am not altogether surprised that you do. The Whig misrepresentations of my course in Congress had prepared the public mind for such construction; and that, notwithstanding your friendship for me, your love of justice and your candour, you should, insensibly, sympathize with that state of the public mind, and be, insensibly, biassed by it, is not strange.

You totally misapprehend the position which you so severely and utterly condemn. I wish that you had, before reviewing it, addressed interrogatories to me concerning its meaning. Gladly would I have answered them. You will say that I should have fully explained the position in the speech in which I took it. Oh, I wish I could have had time to do so! I should have been glad to have consumed a whole day in doing so—a whole day in talking to Congress of human rights, in this connection. But look at my circumstances in the case. The Mexican Treaty was up. I got the floor. The debate was confined to two days; and it was now the evening of the second day; and a number of speakers were to follow me. No speaker is allowed to exceed an hour; and, in such circumstances, far less than an hour was my full share of the time. Moreover, what I had to say of Cuba was in connection with the purely incidental topic of the "Monroe doctrine." I could, therefore, but glance at Cuba.

I do not find fault with your position, that there are no conditions (provided slavery has not been previously abolished) on which it is expedient for us and Cuba to be blended into one nation. Perhaps you are right in this position. At any rate, as there is not the least probability that such blending will ever take place on the terms which I proposed, I am not at all anxious to convince you, or others, that it is expedient that it should take place. Had you stopped here, I should have had no controversy with you. My judgment I hold as cheap as you or any other person holds it: and I should have felt no promptings of ambition, or pride, to prove that it was not at fault in this instance. But you are very far from stopping here. You go on to argue (and that, indeed, is the great aim of your review) that I was guilty of a flagrant offence against the Divine law, in consenting to the union of Cuba with this country. So flagrant an offence as you make it—so obvious an offence as you make it—I could hardly be guilty of without giving room to call in question my integrity as an Abolitionist and as a Christian.

Now, I beg you to lay down this letter, right here; and, after you shall have divorced yourself from the public prejudice against my speech, and abandoned your foregone conclusion, that it must be a very wicked one, you will be prepared to read it carefully and candidly. So read it—and you will then learn from the speech itself just what I did say; and you will then hold me responsible for that, and not at all for what the newspapers tell you I said; and not at all for your imaginations of what I said. I pause till you have so read the speech.

And, now, taking it for granted that you have obeyed my request, and learned what my speech really does say about Cuba, you will agree with me—

1st. That I am not amenable to the charge of being a *fillibuster;* for I did not propose to get Cuba into the Union either by whipping her into it or by buying her into it.

2d. That, so far from my proposing that the Governments of the two countries should stipulate for the continuance of slavery, I did not so much as propose that these Governments, or any other Governments, should have aught to do in negotiating the terms of the union. I treated with contempt the idea that the voice of the Cuban Government is essential in the matter; and I laid down the doctrine, distinctly, that, in the dividing of this nation, or in the uniting of it with another, the voice of the Government of this country is not essential.

3d. That the only union of Cuba and this country which I proposed was the union of the people of Cuba with the people of this country—a union dictated by the interest and choice of the two peoples, and to take place whether Government willed it or not.

Surely, you ought not to wonder that I have here spoken so lightly of the authority of Governments. You have, for many years, known, from my writings and speeches, that I regard these Governments as usurpations, and as conspiracies against human rights, rather than legitimate Civil Governments. The Government of this State, so long as it recognises property in man, or makes colour a disqualification for the enjoyment of rights, merits neither the honour nor the name of Civil Government.

Surely, too, you ought not to wonder that, when I speak of the people, I include the enslaved as well as the free. You were present on the memorable occasion, thirteen years ago, when I reported my "Address to the Slaves"; and you, doubtless, recollect that the great doctrine of the Address is, that men do not cease to be of the people when they become slaves; and that they forfeit none of their rights by falling under the yoke of slavery. It is true that you and some other great and good men, who were also present, were so startled by the bold and novel positions of the Address as to vote against it. But that is a reason why you should remember, rather than why you should forget, its doctrines.

And now, my dear friend, is the speech in question the wicked speech which you thought it to be when you reviewed it? Is it wicked for the poor slaves in Cuba—the most afflicted and outraged of all slaves—to desire to cast in their lot with our slaves? If it is not, then it is not, necessarily, wicked for freemen to desire it for them. Surely, you will not, because portions of them are so unhappy as to be reduced to slavery, deny that peoples may unite with each other. Surely, you will not deny that their calamity—the bitterest of all calamities—should not be allowed to work the forfeiture of their rights. Surely, you will not consent that the wrongs against them—the heaviest of all wrongs—shall be plead against their rights. I do not say that it would be expedient for America and Hungary to enter into an alliance with each other. But I do say that the fact that there is oppression in the two countries would not make such alliance necessarily wicked. The alliance may be in spite of such oppression—not in accordance with it. It may be to overthrow—not to sustain—such oppression. If, with this object in view, I should favour such alliance, you would not denounce me as a flagrant offender against Heaven. But as well might you so denounce me in that case as in the case of my favouring, with the like object in view, the union of Cuba with America. I say, with the like object; and I am sure that you will not impute to me the opposite object of strengthening the hands of the oppressor.

The doctrine of your review is, that it is sinful for two nations to become one so long as there are slaveholders in both, or in either, of them. Admit that it is so when the Governments—the Governments that ordain and uphold the slavery—negotiate the union. But the union which I justify is to be brought about by the people, and in contempt and defiance of their slaveholding Governments. Admit, too, that it is a sin for the people to accomplish such a union unless the interests and desires of the slaves are consulted. But when those interests and desires call for it (and without that I would ever protest against it), is the union then sin?

To deny that two peoples may come together, so long as their usurping Governments are holding a portion of them in slavery, is virtually to hold the unhappy slaves responsible for the devilism of such Governments. Their coming together may be the only hopeful way for the slaves to escape from such devilism and gain their liberty. But, according to your theory, that way is forbidden to them. So, according to your theory, two peoples may not come together if any portions of them are oppressed by land-monopoly, nor, indeed, if they are the subjects of any other Governmental wrong.

Strange as it is, it is, nevertheless, so, that, all through your review, you treat me not as arguing the right of peoples—even the most oppressed, broken-hearted and desolate among them—to unite their fortunes and make common cause; but as arguing the right of their usurping Governments to continue their crimes against their subjects. Hence, you interpret me to hold to such a union of Cuba as shall obligate me, on the score of good faith and consistency, to refrain, even after the union shall take place, from calling on Government to abolish Cuban slavery. I can but wonder that you should think me either so ignorant or so depraved as to lay myself under such an obligation. The writer in the *Free Presbyterian*, whom you quote, is even more outspoken, at this point, than you are. As he views the union which I advocate, my vote for it would, necessarily, expose me to "the charge of collusion with slavery"!

There is nothing in your review that I more regret than the part where you leave me open to the suspicion of hypocrisy. In the speech in question, I anticipated a speedy termination of American slavery. You intimate that this anticipation is in conflict with my well-known state of mind on that point. I supposed that you were so familiar with my writings and speeches on that point as not to forget that I have, for many years, held that American slavery is short-lived. Those writings and speeches abundantly show that my despondency in regard to American slavery proceeds not from my anticipations of its long life, but from my anticipations of its violent death.

I need say no more. The doctrines which I incidentally glanced at in my speech on the Mexican Treaty have long been precious to me; and I have long sought to make them precious to my fellow-Abolitionists. They are doctrines which I can never surrender, so long as I continue to recognise in the slave all the fulness of rights which belongs to any other man, and so long as I hold the people superior to the usurpations and conspiracies which, under the stolen name of Government, have got the control of the people. To have Whigs and Democrats confound these doctrines with the motives of *fillibusters*, vulgar politicians and office-seekers, does in no degree surprise me, nor wound my heart, nor disturb my good nature. But I confess that I do feel grieved—ay, and sometimes indignant—when I find my fellow-Abolitionists, by whose side I have stood, and suffered and sacrificed, these twenty years, falling into this mistake. I am well aware that there are narrow-minded Abolitionists as well as narrow-minded other men—Abolitionists who will insist on running all Abolitionists into one mould—the same mould of doctrines, thoughts and words. These are the one-idea Abolitionists. Of course, the Abolitionist who thinks for himself—and, that too, on a great variety of subjects—must suffer not a little when he falls into the hands of such Abolitionists and his character and proportions come under their forcing and stereotyping process. But there are large-minded Abolitionists also; and I am always very sad when I see them allow the spirit of bigotry to invade their noble nature and transform them into illiberal and uncharitable judges of their fellow-Abolitionists.

I hope that both you and the public will pardon this letter. I dislike to appear in defence of myself, and I very seldom do. But, incessantly assailed as I am, at every point of my conduct and character—and that, too, by both friends and foes—it seems excusable that I should, now and then, speak for myself. If, however, I may never defend myself, still may I not, as I have done in parts of this letter, defend great and cherished doctrines, when they are struck at, through myself? With great respect, your friend,

GERRIT SMITH.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE MICHIGAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

1. Resolved, That the longer we contemplate the character and observe the operations of American slavery, the more deeply are we impressed with the conviction of its inherent and invariable sinfulness, its utter impolicy and the duty of labouring earnestly for its overthow.

2. Resolved, That the sin and crime of slavery are not that it buys or conquers territory for its extension; sacrifices the right of speech, of the press, or of locomotion, of trial by jury or of habeas corpus; that it seeks to subvert liberty in the North, by compelling the people to return fugitive slaves to bondage or suffer fine and imprisonment; though all this it does; but in seizing one man, robbing him of every human attribute, quenching his soul in darkness and holding him as property, to be driven as a beast to unpaid toil, whenever, wherever and however the will of irresponsible tyrants shall elect.

3. Resolved, therefore, That our warfare is with the assumption, in theory or in practice, that man can rightfully hold his fellow-man as property; and no concession on the part of slavery or its apologists, no mitigation of its incidental evils, no amelioration of the condition of its victims, no limitation of its territorial extent, no restriction or abatement of its political power, no prevention of its encroachments on Northern rights, no sectionalizing of its jurisdiction—in a word, no adoption, in regard to it, of any policy which stops short of annihilating the chattel principle in the relation of man to man—will satisfy our demands or purchase from us a moment's truce with the unholy system.

4. Resolved, That, as we ought to treat according to its intrinsic character everything with which we have to do, we should treat slavery as essentially sinful, wherever we find it, whether in the Church, in the political party, in the Government, or elsewhere; thinking of it no thought, speaking of it no word, doing toward it no act which can give it the least support or countenance; but always and everywhere making the whole weight of our influence and action tell constantly against it, and against every institution, every organization, political or ecclesiastical, every association or order of men which favours or sustains it.

5. Resolved, That the policy of the American Government, from its organization and through each successive step of its progress, so far as slavery is concerned, has been marked by injustice, tyranny and oppression to an extent deserving, now and always, the execration of all good men, who love liberty and desire to promote the highest interests of man; and that now, while it is employing its immense power to extend slavery over the whole land, and thus not only making heavier and stronger the slave's yoke here, but embarrassing and disheartening the friends of freedom in other lands, it proves itself partaker of the spirit of the Old World despotisms, their associate in wickedness, and justly and surely doomed to perish with them unless speedy and sincere repentance and earnest amendment shall avert this dcom.

6. Resolved, That as American slavery, the sum of all wrongs, is in direct antagonism to Christianity, the religion of absolute right and universal good will, it is evidently the office of the latter to root out and destroy the former; and as we see that slavery has grown and still grows and thrives under the influence of that which calls itself Christianity in this country, it is plain that either Christianity is not *able* to overcome its enemies, or that those who profess to be its expounders have not been preaching it among us in its purity and power.

7. Resolved, That, inasmuch as the admission of one slaveholding member to the Government of either Church or State is ample evidence that such organization is pro-slavery; therefore, while the American Union or any branch of the American Church freely receives all slaveholders who ask admission as members, and agrees that they may legislate for and govern the whole body whenever they have a certain majority, it proves itself so unquestionably pro-slavery and so morally defective that all honest and intelligent anti-slavery men are bound to withdraw from it, and wage against it a moral war of extermination.

8. Resolved, That the act of Congress repealing the restriction on slavery extension in the Missouri compromise is at once perfidious, unjust and anti-republican, hostile to freedom, insulting and injurious to the North, and a grievous wrong to the slave, whose hope of deliverance is postponed by every enlargement of the dominion of slavery; and consequently both the act and its authors deserve the stern reprobation of every lover of truth and right.

9. Resolved, That we do not mean, in condemning this perfidious act, to imply the approval of the Missouri compromise, as wise, or right, or favourable to freedom; for we believe it was the opposite of all these; a wrong to humanity, a triumph of the slave power, a recognition of the right of slavery to occupy and hold possession of Missouri and to reclaim and reënslave its fugitive victims even on the so-called free side of the compromise line, a grant of a new lease of life to the unrighteous institution, a deed of iniquity and folly no more, at best, than partially redeemed by containing a clause which exempted from slavery a *portion* of the territory, the *whole* of which ought to have been forever consecrated to liberty.

10. Resolved, That the Nebraska and Kansas bills do not repeal the Missouri compromise, but only that part of it which was its sole redeeming feature; that they undo no position of the pro-slavery work of that compromise, but go on to finish in behalf of slavery what compromise began and left undone, and even forbade to be ever done, and are therefore still more worthy of reprobation than was even that unrighteous measure.

11. Resolved, That we cannot regard with favour the demand made by some friends of freedom for the restoration of the Missouri compromise to its original condition, because that would imply assent to the doctrine that below a certain line of latitude slavery has an equal right with freedom to spread and establish itself; whereas, we hold that slavery has no right to an inch of soil or a breath of air anywhere in God's universe, and, therefore, that the Government is bound, whenever it can legislate upon it at all, to enact against it an absolute prohibition, unfettered by any condition or compromise.

12. Resolved, nevertheless, That we do not rely on the Government to abolish slavery; for, as public sentiment now is, energetic and decided anti-slavery legislation is morally impossible; and even if there could and should be such, it could not be enforced.

11. Resolved, therefore, That the work now to be done is the changing of public sentiment, and this must be done by moral power, by the continual proclamation of anti-slavery truth, and its faithful application to all existing institutions, laws or organizations which in any way give support to slavery.

14. Resolved, That slavery is not a creature of law and constitution, but a spontaneous outgrowth of pro-slavery public sentiment; that it existed before any pro-slavery law, and really gave birth to all such laws and constitutions; which, being but creatures of slavery, are without vitality of their own, and derive all their power from a pro-slavery public sentiment.

15. Resolved, therefore, That it is idle and absurd to talk of destroying the creator, slavery, by changing, multiplying or destroying its creature, pro-slavery law.

16. Resolved, That as God, who is no respecter of persons, has created all men free and equal, with an inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; therefore, upon our anti-slavery platform, we prefer no sex or colour; we know no sect or party, religious or political; we recognise no distinction, ecclesiastical or national; but esteem man as man, of whatever hue or sex, land or clime, church or state, thus making "our country the world, and our countrymen all mankind."

From The London Inquirer.

THE "ABHORRERS" OF SLAVERY.

TO THE EDITOR.

"I CLAIM to be inspired with a love of freedom as pure and ardent as that which warmed the bosoms of the fathers who laid down their lives to achieve our national independence. It is my sincere prayer that the Africans among us should enjoy all the blessings of which they are capable. *The Bondage in which they are now held is their salvation.*"—The Rev. THEODORE CLAPP, of New Orleans.

"A slave is one doomed in his own person, and his posterity, to live without knowledge, and without the capacity to make anything his own, and to toil that another may reap the fruits."—JUDGE RUFFIN.

"A slave shall be deemed, held, taken, reputed and adjudged in law, to be a chattel personal in the hands of his owner and possessor . . . to all intents, constructions and purposes whatsoever."—American Slave Code, W. GOODELL.

SIR: The elasticity of the "abhorent" principle in relation to American slavery is really wonderful. Like a gutta percha band, you can stretch it to hold anything—from the Rev. Theodore Clapp to William Lloyd Garrison—and, to compare smaller things with great, "the sympathy deep and warm with the anti-slavery movement" expressed by brethren nearer at hand, and that same sentiment as it exists in the breasts of your humble correspondent. Not being able, however, to discover very exactly the worth of a sympathy, "deep and warm" though it be, which applies itself to the task of *setting at ease with their consciences* the perpetrators of a wrong which, if inflicted upon himself, the calmest of "abhorrers" would have no great difficulty in describing by its proper terms, I must beg, with all respect, to explain these allusions by some comments suggested on perusal of the leading article in your journal of August 19. From that, as well as from an article in a previous number, it appears that you desire to throw the shield of the *Inquirer* over the slaveholding body of America (for the whole body has a right to claim the benefit of your concession), on the ground of their not being "consciously guilty" of sin, in maintaining an institution that assigns to man a PROPERTY IN MAN. Your position, in substance, is, that a man educated in the Christian faith, and under all the lights of Republican freedom, and in the full meridian blaze of the nineteenth century, can conscientiously profess to see no wrong against man—no sin, therefore, against God—in holding a fellow-creature in slavery, subject to all the incidents of the American Slave-code. If this be so, then, at what atrocity need the human conscience stop and not say that it, too, may be put in the catalogue of venial and even virtuous things? If the distinction be urged, that a generally allowed practice involves no sin in him who shares in it, it must be shown that the American slaveholder has had no opportunity of knowing better, or duly avail himself of the means he might command of becoming englightened.

Let the South bear witness of the facilities or obstructions it places in the way of the most temperate efforts to reclaim it from its errors. Channing would have been slaughtered had he crossed its borders. How many of his anti-slavery tracts would have been more welcome than than himself? There is a school of morals amongst us which delights in descanting on the *instinctive perception* of right and wrong. Strange! if neither instinct nor Gospel should have a tongue sufficiently articulate to denounce American slavery as "the wild and guilty" thing it was described by Lord Brougham, or "the sum of all villanies," as it was declared by John Wesley.

For my own part, I dispute the fact that any American citizen is unavoidably blind in this matter; and therefore reject the inference, as altogether untenable, that he is or can be sinless in the act of making a man a thing, whipping it at his pleasure, and selling it for his profit.

Yet granting for a moment such a moral monstrosity to be *in rerum naturâ*, it no more follows that I am called upon to extend to that man the name of a Christian and the privileges of Society than I am bound to give to the conscientious practitioner of Thuggee a welcome to my table, and a title to my friendship. Indeed, if I were to make any difference between them, I should, on the principle of *corruptio optimi fit pessima*, be constrained to decide it in favour of the latter; since the man who could so deprave Christianity as, in the name of God, and by authority of the Gospel, to go *behind that screen at the slave sale at Richmond*, described by the Rev. Francis Bishop, and perpetrate the Republican freaks there enacted, or coolly sanction them as that reverend man of conscience did—also described by Mr. Bishop—must be incomparably the more odious and despicable man of the two.

You are anxious to save Mr. Garrison and his party from "the danger to themselves and their great end into which they are so often hurried by the heat of conflict." And you refer to Doctor Channing as the standard of your feeling, and the model of your conduct. Not a bad one, certainly, as the world goes. Yet Channing would be the last man, were he living in this dreadful crisis of America's fortunes, to forgive himself for misleading another into that marvellous tone of coolness which you describe as "the peculiar trust of our impartial position as Englishmen." In such a crisis, to be controlled by such a feeling, would have been to be false to the noblest impulses of his nature. Long years ago, he talked in the same fashion that you are now talking. But an honest and earnest man threw himself in his path, and with some burning sentences of truth scared him out of his over-anxieties for the *intemperance* of the Abolitionists. Dr. Channing, after his conference with the Rev. Samuel J. May, felt himself subdued, and had the glory to acknowledge it.* Upon this question, the whole spirit and meaning of the thorough anti-slavery movement in America, Dr. Channing *grew*, as he would have still grown, had God in mercy spared him to pour out his great heart in the strife at this day. If it be true, in relation to our physical being, that

"The blood will follow when the knife is driven,
The flesh will quiver when the pincers tear,"

can a like susceptibility be any less a part of our spiritual nature? And can the heart be "impartial" between the wretch who inflicts and the victim who receives those peculiar attestations of the "salvation" provided for him by that bland benev

tution (infinitely more weighty than any which the British subject can produce of his allegiance to his Queen) is the tacit admission, and practical observance, North and South, not only of all that it actually contains, but of the provisions of an unwritten paragraph, universally assumed to exist under Sec. 2d (Privilege of Citizens) of Art. IV. (State Rights), to the following effect:

Any citizen of a slaveholding State is hereby authorized to question any stranger within the limits of such State as to his past and present allegiance, in thought, word and deed, to slavery; and if the answering, or mis-answering, or non-answering, of the person thus "put to the question" reveal any ground of suspicion against him, any number of slaveholders shall form a quorum, hereby authorized to duck, tar and feather, pelt with rotten eggs, and expel from the State, by rail or otherwise, or, if it seem preferable, to hang to the next tree, without delay, such suspected person, without responsibility to any tribunal except Public Sentiment.

The latest case recorded of proceedings under this article (copied in last week's *Liberator* from the *Boston Transcript*) was that of Mr. Theodore D. Parker, of this city, who, after being insolently catechised by his self-appointed Virginian censor, and after having humbly explained the difference between himself and Theodore Parker (the man without a D., but *with* a backbone), was dismissed with an order to write the D. *damned plam*, whenever he signed his name in that region.

Now, this particular incident may be a mere joke, manufactured from no other real material than the resemblance between the names, and Mr. Theodore D. Parker may never have conducted in the shabby manner imputed to him by the story; but I refer to it because it is the exact type of many real conversations which are constantly taking place throughout the Southern States; because all slaveholders assume the right to make this sort of impertinent inquisition; and because the great majority of Northern men who travel at the South quietly submit to it, in many cases without even a suspicion that they are degraded by so doing.

It has happened to me frequently, in debate with both Northern and Southern men on the subject of slavery, to be told that Abolitionists would have no difficulty in travelling or residing at the South, if they would keep their opinions to themselves, and be careful not to talk to the coloured people, nor take anti-slavery newspapers, nor let themselves be publicly known as Abolitionists; and the minds of these persons had become so accustomed to the requisition of this subserviency by Southern men, and its concession by Northern doughfaces, that they really saw nothing objectionable in it; really failed to perceive that such conduct is an arbitrary annihilation on one side, and a cowardly surrender on the other, of that indispensable safeguard of liberty, freedom of speech and of the press.

It is refreshing, in contrast with the demeanour of these white slaves, to read the eminently perpendicular letter recently addressed, through the newspapers, to the Reverend Nehemiah Adams, of Boston, by Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, who, if not upright before God, has at least the merit of being downright before men. To be sure, that letter was very impudent; but there was the legitimate occasion for impudence, and the amplest justification of it. In fact, it was impossible for a vertebrate man, with the power of feeling contempt, to refrain from giving *so much* of a shove with his foot to the human caterpillar that crawled up to him, after dark, on such an errand. With his wit, and his Southern independence, and *such* an occasion, Wise could do no less.

It must be admitted that, however the slaveholders may fall short of being just, humane, democratic or Christian, they possess, eminently, this element of *manliness*, that

"They know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain."

However erroneous may be their assumption of a right to buy and sell human beings, they understand the real right of manfully expressing their own opinions, and would scorn the idea of submitting to be gagged.

The contemptuous letter of Mr. Wise was elicited by the offer of a mean person, in a mean manner, to do a favour to him and his cause; to *coöperate* with him, in a thing which he has so much at heart as the support of slavery. He liked the thing to be done, but couldn't stand the sneaking manner in which the Reverend Nehemiah proposed to do it. He would have treated with the same contempt, no doubt, the *anonymous* defence of slavery by President Lord, of Dartmouth College (noticed in the last *Liberator*), though nothing would delight him more than to have a man in that high station *openly* take such ground, and do it by assertion, instead of by interrogative insinuation. But if the manhood of Mr. Wise asserts itself thus roughly in cases like these, what would he say if the impertinent interference proposed the curtailment of some *real* right? What would he say on being informed that he *might* travel at the North if he would say nothing in defence of slavery; avoid the society of known doughfaces; never be seen reading the *Courier* or *Advertiser*; give a prompt account of his affairs, opinions and purposes to any inquiring Abolitionist; and make it "damned plain," on all occasions, that he is not *that* Henry A. Wise who defends slavery in Virginia! Ye gods! the man would burst with inarticulate rage. Yet the Yankees systematically bear this dictatorial impertinence, and comply with it, as a matter of course, without suspecting that they are disgraced by it. Not one in ten of the Northern editors who have copied the Parker story above referred to, and not one in a thousand of its Northern readers, have even conceived the idea that, whether a joke or a fact, it implies an amount of disgrace to themselves, which should make them hang their heads for shame.

How can those be helped who do not recognise their need of help! It is true of the Yankees, as of the Greeks, that

"Who would be free, *themselves* must strike the blow!"

but what shall be done for those slaves who not only obey, "with alacrity," all the commands of their masters, but are frightened at their occasional threat of laying down the whip, and leaving them to take care of themselves? There needs a reëducation of this whole people in the principles of freedom, and, as a preliminary step towards this, an understanding that such traitors to liberty as Dr. Adams and President Lord cannot be true teachers of Christianity.—C. W. K.—*Liberator.*

THE SLAVE TRADE.

The trial for slave trade piracy, ending in the conviction of the accused party, Captain James Smith, of the brig Julia Moulton, which has just taken place in the United States Circuit Court of this City, suggests the most mournful reflections. It is here established beyond denial that the slave trade with Africa is a branch of the mercantile profits of this City, and that the cruelties of the darkest crimes of the darkest ages are pharisaically enacted by parties claiming to be gentlemen. It is, of course, certain that the captain and crew of the ship are not the only pirates engaged in that particular transaction; there are ship-builders and mercantile speculators involved with them, though with them not brought to justice. It is equally clear that the case of the Julia Moulton is one of many, with the single difference that this one is found out. On this head we presently shall have a word to say, but let us look into the facts of this particular trial.

It was proved that the ship was built in Maine; purchased in Boston by Capt. Smith, in January last; cleared in ballast for Newport on the 2d February, and brought to this port, whence she was cleared on the 11th February with a crew of about fifteen persons. She was a regular *slaver*, holding 664 human beings stolen from Africa, packed like herring—and how many happily died and were thrown overboard we cannot learn, as the counsel for the defence objected to an answer to a question designed to shed light on that branch of the peculiar institution. It was given in evidence that the captain told the mate that the real owner was a personage named Lemos, and that the Secretary of the Portuguese Consul went with him to Boston to purchase the vessel! The defence made for the prisoner was that he was not an American—and especially that a Custom-House oath should not be regarded. But Captain Smith had been naturalized, and was considered an American citizen—though a German by birth—and was convicted accordingly. It is not necessary for us to recapitulate the details of the trial, as they have already been reported in our columns, but the following extracts from it are too pregnant with meaning not to bear repetition:

"Mr. McKeon, District-Attorney, addressed the jury. He contended that the transaction was a most flagrant violation of the laws. He little thought, he said, when he assumed the office he now held, that he should so soon discover *that New York is the very depot of this nefarious traffic.* The testimony in the case showed that the Julia Moulton was fitted out at this port expressly for the slave trade, and that James Smith, the prisoner, was the master. The provisions taken on board, and other circumstances, were proof. They finally took on board, on the coast of Africa, what they designated cargo. There were 664 human beings crowded on board a small vessel, seated, in day time, on the deck, one within the extended legs of the other, as close as possible, and laid at night on their right sides, stowed also as closely as possible—the object of placing them on the right side being that the action of the heart would be more free. She made the coast of Cuba at a point directed by the instructions, and it is singular that a man-of-war has not been directed to cruise at such a point to prevent such landings. * * * * * As to the oaths at the Custom-House, it has been said that they are lightly administered. It might have been said that they are lightly taken. Here is this man, who has solemnly sworn that he is a citizen of the United States, and has signed to that effect, and he must be holden to it. The indictment says that the vessel was owned by said Smith, a citizen of the United States, or by some other citizen to the jurors unknown. It has been shown by a witness that the Secretary of the Portuguese Consul was said to have been interested in the vessel. Mr. Figaniere, the Consul, in order to do away with that, is called by counsel for defence, and he swears that he had no secretary. Who is this man? He declined to answer questions put to him in relation to this vessel, and it is to be regretted, from the appearance, that there are slave traffickers among us, bearing the seal of foreign power. The District-Attorney alluded to a figure put forth by Mr. O'Conor in his argument, that the District Attorney was groping about in the dark for a dagger with which to make his threats. *There are real daggers*, the District-Attorney said, *in the hands of the persons engaged in this traffic in this City, and any man's life is in danger who attempts to expose them.* But for myself, even if I should lose my life, I will fearlessly do my duty."

An examination of ships' papers at the Custom-House, for years past, proves that the oath of the owner or master of a vessel that he is a citizen of the United States, which by law he is required to be, is omitted—apparently with the design of shielding the wretches who, as captains and owners, are engaged in the slave trade, and who almost weekly send out from this port vessels fitted out for this traffic. The law makes the punishment death, provided the master or owner is an American citizen. The Custom-House authorities in Philadelphia and Boston, where a like examination of ships' papers has taken place, were found always to have particularly followed the provisions of the law, and it is doubtful if slavers are fitted out at those ports, at least, to any such extent as is known to be the case here.

The water for ships leaving New York is supplied by persons who purchase the privilege from the Croton Water Department. These persons know that vessels built to sail with extraordinary rapidity, of from two to four hundred tuns, for which any legitimate trade should carry a crew of ten to sixteen men, are continually and openly supplied with from fifteen to forty thousand gallons of water, and they know that this water is for a slave cargo. The men, too, who sell rice, and they who sell the shackles, know, likewise, for what these are intended. And yet, in the face of these facts, and of the belief of intelligent merchants that, on an average, a slave ship, almost openly fitted out as such, leaves the port of New York about every two weeks throughout the year, our authorities take no cognizance of the matter! And here we have now the first conviction under this law, which has been in force for many years. And why was even this case discovered? Because of a squabble between this convicted wretch and his mate for the spoils—the sum at issue being some $400, and both parties, doubtless, being here in this City ready to engage in another slave expedition!

There are now in New York, wallowing in wealth, living in sumptuous palaces up town, and driving splendid equipages, men called merchants—'merchant princes' is a term sometimes applied—who have for years, uninterruptedly, been engaged in the infernal slave trade, and who, if they had their deserts, according to law, would be swinging on a gallows as high as Haman. By chance, the way is now opened; one villain is finally convicted; let the authorities do their duty, and a score or a hundred more may be found equally guilty.

The verdict of this Jury, and the sentence of death that will probably be passed on the convicted slaver, only set into more striking contrast the abominations of our domestic slave trade. We hang Capt. Smith, and the public sentiment approves the punishment, while men who deal not in brute Africans, but in native Americans, and their sons and daughters to boot, are honoured as Judges, Generals, and Congressmen. It is a strange world, and the model Republic is not the least of its peculiarities.—*Tribune.*

THE SLAVE TRADE—IMPORTANT TRIAL.

In the United States Circuit Court sitting in this City, one Captain James Smith has been convicted of having been engaged in the *slave trade* between the Coast of Africa and the Island of Cuba. The sentence of the law, which is *death*, was suspended in order that his counsel might take the necessary steps to move for a new trial. The facts which were proved in this case were substantially these: In January last, Capt. Smith went to Boston, where he purchased the brig Julia Moulton, cleared her in ballast for Newport, and on the 2d of February brought her to this port. Here he engaged one James Wills as mate, telling him that he was going on a slave-trading voyage, agreeing to pay him $40 a month on the outward voyage, and from $1,200 to $2,000 for the passage back. A crew was shipped of about fifteen persons, mostly young men, and a large quantity of provisions, water, &c., with lumber, was taken on board. On the 11th of February the brig cleared from this port, and on leaving the dock, Captain Smith pointed out to the mate 'a Portuguese named Lemos, as the real owner of the vessel, and told him that *the Secretary of the Portuguese Consul, at this port*, had accompanied him to Boston and aided him in the purchase of the vessel. The ship was cleared by Capt. Smith, and had regular papers for the Cape of Good Hope. After she had been out forty days, the timber on board was used to make a temporary deck or floor in the hold of the vessel, and all the other preparations necessary to receive a cargo of slaves were made. At the end of sixty days, they made land on the coast of Africa at a place called *Cobra*, where they were boarded by a boat which brought instructions, in accordance with which they cruised at sea for ten days longer, and then put in at a port further South called *Ambrozetta*, well known as a *dépôt* for the slave trade. Here, in the course of two or three hours, *six hundred and sixty-four negroes, including forty women, were brought on board and stowed away as cargo in the hold of the brig.* They were placed on their sides, one lying in the lap of another—were taken out occasionally to be fed and aired, and, after a voyage of sixty-five days, were landed on the South coast of Cuba. They were sent on shore in lighters, under the orders of a person who said he was the consignee, and the *American Consul* at that port. The furniture of the ship was then taken on shore, and the ship herself burned. Wills, the mate, came to this city in the brig Marcellus, where he again met Capt. Smith, who refused to pay Wills the balance due him on his contract, amounting to about $440, whereupon Wills imparted the nature of the voyage to a Mr. Donahue, by whom it was laid before the authorities. The result was the arrest, trial and conviction of Captain Smith.

We believe this is the *first* time in which a conviction of being engaged in the African slave trade has ever been had in this City—and this is due entirely to a disagreement between the captain and his mate about the payment of a trifling sum of money. Yet, as we have repeatedly stated in the *Times, scarcely a month passes in which there are not one or more vessels cleared at this port, which embark at once in the slave trade and land their cargoes on the coast of Cuba.* The facts given in evidence on this trial show how easily this is done, and with what perfect impunity, so long as all the parties engaged in it are satisfactorily paid for keeping silent. In order to a conviction, the vessel concerned must be, at the time, owned either in whole or in part by an American citizen, or else the party accused must himself be a citizen. The first provision is usually evaded by a *sham sale*: the last by procuring a foreigner, usually a Portuguese, as commander. The only defence attempted in this case turned upon this point. It was claimed that Mr. Smith was an unnaturalized German, and it was also asserted and partly proved that the ship was *paid for by the Secretary of the Portuguese Consul at this port.*

This last point is one that ought immediately to engage the attention of the Government. If the Portuguese Consul is engaged, directly or indirectly—or suffers his Secretary to be engaged—in so flagrant a violation of the laws of the United States, his *exequatur* ought to be instantly revoked. —*N. Y. Daily Times.*

Well Done, Cincinnati.—The Western Tennesseans are still frothing and resolving about the Salem Rescue. The Memphis resolutions, which we inserted a week or two since, were transmitted to the Mayor of Cincinnati. They required of the Cincinnatians, that inasmuch as Mr. Blackwell, who participated in the rescue, was a resident of their city, they should make a public demonstration, disapproving of the rescue, otherwise the merchants of Memphis would discontinue all commercial interest with the city, and also do all in their power to divert the trade of the South therefrom.

The Mayor of Cincinnati transmitted the document to the Chamber of Commerce. Resolutions were presented and advocated by some members of that body, with due humility apologizing for and deprecating the act. But the majority of the members decided to send back the Mayor's communication with the message that it referred to matters not fit to be brought before the Chamber of Commerce. So it seems, happily, that the merchants of Cincinnati are not at all to be frightened by this child's play of the slaveholders. Time was when they trembled at such threats; but they have now learned to estimate them at something like their true value, and they cease to disturb their equanimity.—*The Bugle.*

A new English publication, intended specially for booksellers, and called the *Intelligencer*, has the startling piece of news that Mrs. Stowe is a large *slaveholder*. And this is the manner thereof: "Her slaves are numerous, and, what slaves are not generally, rather respectable; more than that, they are slaves of capital, and are actually doing very good businesses at the present moment. They are the publishers of London. From the moment *Uncle Tom's Cabin* landed here, these London publishers had no rest. Directly it came out, there were a dozen of them reprinting it, each running frantically all over the trade with his own little shilling book; when they went to bed at night, when they woke in the morning, it was Uncle Tom. With Eva, Eva, Eva, rang the woods. The life of some London publishers at that time was one fever of the mad. Then there came a lull. They rested from their labours. *Uncle Tom* disappeared gradually from shop windows, from parlour chairs, from back kitchen corners, and in the book trade we had a little peace. Several of the publishers went down to the coast to recruit, after the tremendous wear and tear of such a fearful excitement."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 18, 1854.

LET THERE BE LIGHT!

New Movement—Anti-Slavery Tracts.

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have recently issued, and extensively circulated through the Free States, the following Letter. The tracts proposed are now in course of preparation. Four have already been written, and are in the Committee's hands, ready for publication. The ablest and most uncompromising anti-slavery writers are engaged in the work, and the immediate donations or pledges of all who approve the work are needed, and are earnestly solicited.

Dear Friend: The present is the most auspicious period for the diffusion of Anti-Slavery sentiments and the inculcation of Anti-Slavery principles that we have witnessed since the commencement of the enterprise, more than twenty years ago.

Besides the steady growth of our grand idea, through which we should naturally realize this result, the recent outrages of the Slave Power in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the carrying off of Burns, and other deeds of terrible atrocity, have suddenly startled thousands from their death-slumbers to the dreadful fact that Slavery is determined never to cease making greater and bolder aggressions on Liberty till no vestige of Freedom shall be left on our soil or in our souls. Yes, now, for the first time, eyes and ears, heretofore closed, are eagerly seeking to see and hear the truth, that they may make whatever effort is needful to save the slave, themselves, their children, and their country, from our present condition of suffering, of shame, or of guilt.

In this crisis, so favourable to our work, we propose to give the light so loudly demanded, by sending into the field as many devoted, efficient Lecturers, and by scattering throughout the country as many Tracts, as the friends of the cause will furnish us the means of supplying.

A series of twenty Tracts, concise, pithy, and stringent, and specially adapted to the present crisis, are now in preparation for the press, and will be stereotyped, and scattered broadcast through the country, so soon as the means shall be put into our hands.

We rely on your exertions and sacrifices to aid us in this enterprise.

The work must not be postponed. The best portion of the lecturing season is at hand. What is done must be done quickly, or half the good we might accomplish will be lost.

We entreat you, for your own soul's sake, for the slave's sake, for our country's sake, for the sake of the world's redemption, forward us such a donation as shall satisfy your conscience through time and through eternity, and, if possible, call on your friends and neighbours to enlarge the amount by their contributions.

All remittances to be made to our Treasurer, Francis Jackson, Boston, Mass. All moneys received will be acknowledged through the columns of the *National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

On behalf of the Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Wendell Phillips, *Rec. Sec'y.*
Francis Jackson, *Treas.*

WHAT WE OWE THE SLAVEHOLDERS.

"Teach them"—*i. e.* the people of the North—"that the first duty is no more owing to the slave than to the master of the slave."—*Hon. Henry A. Wise to N. Adams, D.D.*

We readily accept the counsel. If, at any time, in the sympathy which the sight of suffering naturally awakens toward the oppressed, we may have forgotten for a while the condition and character of the oppressor, or even felt, when we remembered him, something of the indignation which tyranny and meanness are wont to rouse in the heart, yet we cannot dwell long on the thought of slavery without feeling that there is in the case not only the sinned against, but the sinning; that the one as well as the other is a human being, endowed with large capacities, and destined to a glorious end; and that, so far as we can reach either by our words or our deeds, we owe to both the same duty of love and service. Nay, whatever may have been the immediate excitement to our efforts in behalf of universal freedom, we think it not difficult to prove that the movement itself and its final issue must, of necessity, do quite as much for the master as for the slave.

The sheer nonsense—the pretence, deserving simply to be met and put down by one burst of overwhelming ridicule—that the Negro belongs to another than the Human race, may be just dismissed as asking no second thought. Here, then, is no difference. If any person, leaving this ground, should come to that of country and patriotism, what advantage here hath the European over the African, the African over the European? The same soil has been tilled by the hands of both for now more than two hundred years; the memories of ancestors, the attachments of family, the relations to a country, the common parent of us all, belong equally to the Negro and the White. To all these endearments the American of European descent has a claim almost as rightful as the American of African descent. Perhaps not quite; for the latter has had no share in the rapacity and violence, the fraud and injustice, by which the former so often gained and established his possession of lands belonging to other tribes of men. That dark page is turned over; let us try to write the future in brighter characters. What we wish is simply to fix the impression that, as all Americans are alike men, so none the less are they countrymen; thence both humanity and patriotism demand an equal interest in them all. If Mr. Wise's slaves are men, we would not forget that he is a man also; if they are Americans, be it confessed that he is an American; if by these designations they are our brethren, so by both is he, too, our brother.

So far we have gone no further than to acknowledge the application of the principle involved in our motto. No further in direct expression. Further, perhaps, in this: While the words only ask that the master be considered as well as the slave, the meaning may be, "Let the slave altogether alone. Put him out of your thought wholly. The only duty which the North owes to the South is oblivion of the entire subject." We may take the words, however, as they stand; as if they meant, in good faith, that we owe duty to both master and slave. This is true, but not the whole truth. The master is both the worse and the worse off. So, perhaps, our very Abolitionism may incite and urge us to even a deeper feeling for slaveholders than that to which devout churchmen and undevout statesmen have been so long pressing us.

Men have always considered avarice the source of wealth; but they have seldom reflected on the converse of this law. Livy, wailing over the corruptions of Rome, refers the introduction of avarice to the possession of riches: *divitiæ avaritiam invexere.* The particular fact may be broadened into an universal statement. If inward principles produce outward developments, it is equally certain that these developments react upon the soul, and excite to greater life, power and activity the principles themselves from which they proceed and to which they correspond. The withdrawment, moreover, of the outward forms and environments brings about the suspension of the inward forms and qualities. Hence the Homeric saying, so often quoted, so often verified, Slavery destroys half the virtue of the man, grounds itself in the unchangeable order of the universe. Slavery withdraws from the man those conditions of his existence whose electric influences rouse and quicken his internal capacities; slavery surrounds him with those conditions or forms of existence which, on the contrary, rouse and cherish the lower qualities of our nature. Here, perhaps, we may have sometimes stopped, forgetting that slavery can never be suffered without being inflicted, and that where there is the slave, there must be the tyrant. Take, then, again, the Homeric saying, join with it the suggestion of the Roman historian, carry both to the idea which shines through them: what then? The possession of slaves, to say nothing of the guilt or innocence of the act in itself, impairs the virtue of the man; like riches in other forms, it introduces avarice, it engenders proud and selfish ambition, it surrounds the master with sensual excitements and with ample opportunities for that indulgence which feeds and reproduces the gross and unhallowed appetite. Let the lion paint as well as the man; let the slave describe the master, as the master has thus far described the slave; then we might hear other words, we might see the other side of the picture, darker as it should look on us than the darkness which even now it throws over us. The common nature of man is thereby girded round by the forms and the instruments of despotism. Pride, lust, avarice, first developed in their fulness by those occasions, grow continually by that they feed on. Tell us of kindness; everywhere it is marred by supercilious condescension. Kindness—that is, the brotherly love which recognises identity of kind, which embraces the universal kindred of humanity—this has here no place. Not humane kindness, but descent from a proud height to help the lowly and the weak, this is the highest generosity which despotism knows. Its very beneficence is an insult. Look, then, to the fields which it commands its victims to cultivate; to the families which its will creates or dissolves; to the sensual attractions, of which, thank God! the proof is not to seek, graven in characters and hues which the eye reads at a glance on the countenance of man or woman. It is enough. God has not left himself without witness. The destruction of virtue, the introduction of damning lust, the uncontrollable despotism of the heart, cannot be concealed. The existence of the mulatto born of the enslaved parent proclaims to mankind that, however low the nature of man may be sunken by bearing slavery, it has sunken lower by creating it. The slave, as such, is not sinful; his condition weakens his virtue, strengthens his tendencies to vice. The master, as such, we might say, makes himself sinful; we do say, his condition is worse than that of his victim for weakening his virtue, for strengthening his tendencies to vice. Surely, our "first duty is no more owing to the slave than to the master of the slave"—to Frederick Douglass, for instance, innocent of the outrage which preceded his birth, than to the ancestor of Frederick Douglass, imbruting himself by his base indulgencies, and humbling woman in his contempt of her purity.

The slaveholding interest is quite ready to claim that we owe to it respect and protection, land and opportunities for spreading and strengthening itself, administrations, constitutional provisions, legal enactments, judicial sentences, fugitive slave bills and Kansas territories, Mexican provinces and West Indian islands, silence concerning the evils of slavery, agitations in behalf of the infernal power; these, and things like these, it never hesitates to hold forth as instruments of service due to the master against the slave; but, somehow, the same slaveholding interest acknowledges no duty to the master in aid of the slave, no duty to the slave as son of God and from the Father heir of inviolable freedom. The curse pronounced by Noah on Ham! For echoing that, it gives us thanks, perfectly ridiculous as the whole thing is in such an application. Perfectly ridiculous! Was Noah's curse the voice of God? Suppose Ham ever so deserving of the penalty, what has that to do with his descendants several thousand years after his death? Even granting both these points, who, forsooth, knows of any nearer relation between Ham and the American slave than between Ham and the American master? Yes! one thing at least we here at the North do owe to the master: it is to leave off this silly, contemptible nonsense by which we help him support his claim; to abandon this impious pietism by which we flatter his wickedness into hypocritical religion, as well as those democratic autocrasies by which we reach out our hands to hold his tyrannies in their place as foundations of republican freedom. This debt, indeed, we are not asked to discharge; but the debt we are held to owe and required to pay, that is very large, including universal subserviency, personal, political, ecclesiastical, to whatever the master chooses to demand of us, passive thralls of his will, busy ministers to his power and interest.

Yes! we accept the word which the imperious enslaver, the reckless politician, the murderous duellist has spoken to the smooth-tongued divine. We do owe something to the master; we might even thank him for reminding us of it. We owe generous, spontaneous, manly indignation; we owe the distinct and emphatic expression of that indignation; we owe the utterance of a voice so loud, so clear, so decisive that his ear cannot fail to hear, that his heart cannot avoid feeling, that his will cannot choose but acknowledge it energetic as itself. We owe him our service in disabusing his mind of the excuses which we have so sedulously furnished for his misdeeds; we owe him a truer interpretation of the Bible, which we have shorn of its divineness that we might palliate the tyranny or transfigure it to justice and kindness; we owe him a purer annunciation of the Higher Law, to the degradation of which even the mountains, those glorious types of its purity, its elevation and its permanence, have been desecrated by Northern lips; we owe him word and deed, instinct with living power, proclaiming and embodying the Divine Spirit throned in the Conscience, and calling him, in the name of the Eternal, to repent of his sin and turn to a holier course. We owe him gentleness of demeanour, as well as inward love and sympathy; not the tameness of the coward or the sluggard, but some thing of higher strain, the gentleness of courage, the gentleness of the allegoric Knight

"Yclad in mightie arms and silver shielde,"

going forth on great adventure, determined never to rest until those arms have essayed their virtues on the stern and horrible Dragon, that infernal Fiend, which, with foul uproar, has already stretched itself over all the land, and is even now wasting it with serpent train,

"Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine."

We owe, perhaps, argument; though here seems room for doubt, inasmuch as argument supposes a question, and anticipates, moreover, seriousness, if not candour, of attention. But—to say nothing of attention, which, in its arrogance and power, the South refuses to yield—the wrong of slavery contains no question; reason, interest, love, the whole nature of man, the living inspiration of the Father, all pronounce it so clearly, that where man has ever thought of it as his own doom or the doom of his family or friend, we are not aware there was ever hesitation or doubt. The duty of securing and guarding the freedom of every soul, who questions this? The establishment of justice, the protection of freedom, even slaveholders will assert to be the very end of government, the purpose as the interest of society and of law. It may be better, perhaps, that we refuse, as the South has done so often, to stand on the ground of argument. Not argument, but a stronger than argument, we may owe to the master of the slave. Shall we say what? The word sounds hard; the thing to many seems unbecoming, unchristian, inhuman. What? Even that for which the pioneers of the anti-slavery enterprise have been so long and so loudly censured—Denunciation! That is the debt we owe, that the duty to be done, to the master of the slave. The nuncius is the herald or messenger; his message he must pronounce, announcing it truly always; announcing it as cheerful, if it be of good cheer; otherwise if it be not. Sin, he must denounce as sin; to the doer of evil he must speak out the solemn denunciation, sad as it may be to the messenger, exciting or irritating as it may be to the guilty. Whatever there is of freedom; whatever of the Word which speaketh evermore through the world; whatever of the spirit with which the Almighty hath endowed us; whatever of the prophetic experience which has learned from our own miseries to succour the miserable, from our sins and errors to recall the sinful and the wandering; whatever of irrepressible aspiration, not that men may cease from suffering so much as that they may cease from sinning; whatever, in one word, of Divine inspiration or of human love in our souls, calls on us to fulfil the duty which we owe to the masters of slaves in our dissolved Union, exposing the enormity of their deed, the wretchedness of their condition, the guilt which they have contracted, and the abyss toward which it is driving both themselves and their country. The Hour calls aloud for the Man; for the Man, to repeat, as has not yet been uttered, the DIVINE DENUNCIATION. Who hath ears to hear? Who hath voice to speak?

ANNEXATION OF CUBA—THE PROSPECT.

The Congress of American Diplomatists lately held at Ostend, if we may believe the statements of the *New York Herald*, copied by us last week, agreed to recommend that the Government of the United States should declare, in effect, that its safety and interest demanded that it should *purchase or take Cuba at once.* Such, according to that paper, was the nature of the dispatches brought by Mr. McRae, American Consul at Paris. It was also asserted that France and England were favourable to the sale of Cuba to the United States; and the President was exhorted to strike a decisive blow without delay. It seems to be agreed on all hands that the object of the Conference, whatever may have been its results, was to promote the Annexation conspiracy. This being the fact, our readers will naturally feel the deepest interest in whatever may seem to throw light upon its proceedings; and therefore we copy the following version of the affair from the *Daily Times*, premising only that we believe that journal likely to be well informed on the subject, and that it would not intentionally mislead the public. According to this account, Mr. Soulé's projects of Annexation have all failed, and the slaveholders see no chance of achieving their purpose short of a forcible and piratical seizure of the long coveted Queen of the Antilles. Whether the President, in view of the result of the recent elections, will have the boldness to resort to that measure, is somewhat doubtful.

From the Times of Monday.

The project of the meeting (at Ostend) was due mainly to the outbreak of the Spanish Revolution. The hopes cherished in consequence of that event led to the dispatch of Mr. Sickles to Washington, for instructions as to the line of policy to be pursued on behalf of American interests as likely to be affected by it. The Administration had meantime been watching the progress of European politics, and sent the Assistant Secretary of State abroad for more accurate information. Mr. Sickles followed him soon, and both these gentlemen were instructed to make inquiries upon the following points:

1. Whether Cuba could be *purchased* from any Cabinet which the Revolution was likely to bring into power.

2. Whether, if the purchase of Cuba should be found impracticable, the diplomatic independence of the Governor-General of that Island might not be secured.

3. What was the general state of feeling among the people, and what were the strength and prospects of the Democratic element in the several States of Continental Europe.

To defray the expense of this mission, a credit of $80,000 was opened with a banking-house in London—a sum too large for mere inquiry, and not large enough for the more important movement which was probably in contemplation.

It was soon found impossible to effect any arrangement with the new Spanish Government. Espartero gave a very distinct refusal to the overtures for the purchase of Cuba. The *diplomatic* independence of the Captain-General had no better chances. It was well understood in Madrid that such an independence would, under present circumstances, only offer opportunities for comfortable quarrels to a Cabinet that lives upon pretexts. "As long as I am at the head of the Queen's Government," Espartero is said to have replied to Mr. Soulé, shortly before he left Madrid, "there shall be no unwillingness nor any delay to settle difficulties with, and even to offer due apologies and satisfaction for unforeseen grievances to the United States Government. The Cabinet of Madrid can, therefore, not be required to abdicate its authority in favour of a local Administration, which, from being under the excitement of events passing in its immediate proximity, would complicate rather than settle such international difficulties as may arise—individual actions not being always controllable, between any two countries."

Having failed on the first two points of the special mission, the *Congress of Ambassadors* was called together for the purpose of preparing a report on the condition of popular sentiment in Europe. We have received what we believe will be found to embody an accurate summary of the report on that subject, which was to have been forwarded to Washington by the last steamer.

The Ambassadors agree in reporting the utter absence of Democratic feeling in Europe. In Spain there are no republicans. Mr. Sickles went purposely to Madrid, and reports this as the result of his observation. France is lost in admiration of its prudent and practical Government. Revolution in Paris is out of the question. Austria has succeeded in gaining the hearts of her subjects. Even Kossuth himself is quite forgotten by the *people*, the Magyar aristocracy being his only adherents. Poland has no chances, except in the *nuit* of Monarchic combinations, and Italy is completely tired of the madness of Mazzinism. So of the rest. *Europe is satisfied.* The *people* of the old continent are *not ripe* for freedom.

Such, we are told, will be the *spirit* that will pervade the intelligence sent or to be sent home by our Minister in Europe, and these opinions are given as the explanation of the belief that our Government would meet no support from any part of Europe, in the attempt to gain possession of Cuba. Spain will not sell the Island, and there is no feeling of democratic sympathy with this country which would support us in seeking to effect its conquest by any other means.

Abolitionists under Arrest.—The gentleman to whose magnanimity and bravery the kidnapper Butman is chiefly indebted for the preservation of his miserable life, at the time of his expulsion from Worcester, have been arrested upon a charge of riot, at the instigation, it is believed, of hunker Whigs, who happen just now to be in no very amiable mood. The persons thus honoured are Stephen S. Foster, Joseph A. Howland, Edwin Moody, A. Hemmenway and Adin Thayer. For the scoundrel Butman bonds were demanded to the amount of only $100, while those who saved him from a violent death were required to give bail in ten times that amount, $1,000 each. Mr. Foster, being a non-resistant, refused to give bail, and, as he would not make himself responsible for his own incarceration by voluntarily *going* to jail, he was *carried* thither by four officers, to remain for one week, or until the trial should take place. We do not believe these friends of humanity can be convicted, but, whatever may happen to them, we have no doubt the prosecution will be overruled for the advancement of the cause. "Ye can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth."

THE WESTERN FIELD—LETTER FROM MR. FOSS.

Battle Creek, Calhoun Co., Mich., November 7, 1854.

Dear Friends Editors: Permit me to say through the Standard a word to the friends of the anti-slavery cause, in reference to the prospects of success in this Western field. I have now been some five weeks in Northern Indiana and Michigan, and have spoken nearly every day, and frequently twice in the same day, generally to large and earnestly attentive audiences.

I have given five lectures in Lima, two in Ontaria, four in Greenfield, one at Lagrange Centre, two in Brushy Prairie, Ind., attended the annual meeting of the Michigan Anti-Slavery Society, and, in connection with the excellent and able advocates of our cause, C. S. S. and Josephine S. Griffing, held five meetings in Angola, one in Brookville and three in Orland, and have now just closed, with the above named friends and Charles Burleigh, as interesting a Convention in this place as I ever witnessed.

In all our meetings we have sought to keep prominently before the people the true issue, "No Union with Slaveholders." We have criticised the doings of the ecclesiastical bodies of the land with freedom and fidelity. We have held up the pro-slavery character of the Constitution of the United States to the contempt and shame of the assembled people. We have accused the political parties of subserviency to the Slave Power, and we have not failed to prove the charge. Some defence of the Church was attempted by a Baptist minister, at Angola and Brookville, but it ended in his own confusion and shame.

The adherents to the Church are now mostly convinced that the position of the Church is entirely indefensible, and few will venture the attempt at this ungodly and satanic work. Very many have said to us, "I know that your charges are true; I know and deplore the pro-slavery character of the Church and her ministry, but I feel that I can do more good to remain in her connection than I could if I separated myself from her." I once thought so too; and, for more than twenty years of the best of my days, wasted my strength in the fruitless attempt to reform the Church and turn her great influence into the cause of God and humanity. What a miserable and foolish philosophy is this! that "I can do more good by occupying a *wrong* position than by standing in a *right* one." The most effectual testimony which we can bear against any wrong and sinful body is in separating from it. Indeed, this is the only effectual testimony we can bear. The politicians have learned their philosophy from the Church. But they acknowledge, as many have done within a few days past, that we are right, that their action cannot be defended on eternal principles, but yet they think they can "do more good" by remaining in the political parties for the present!

To-day, as you are aware, is the annual election in this State, as well as in your own, and in Illinois. An immense excitement prevails. Last Saturday evening, Senator Stuart lectured here in defence of his course in voting for the Kansas and Nebraska bill. Mr. Colfax, member of Congress elect from Indiana (a Fusionist), had spoken during the afternoon. As Mr. Burleigh was to deliver an address on Woman's Rights, it was proposed by the Fusionists that I should attend the meeting of Senator Stuart, and be called out at the close of his speech for a reply. By the advice of the friends, I consented; when, however, the call was made, Charles Burleigh having entered the Hall fifteen minutes before, I resigned in his favour, by stating that as the Senator had only repeated what had been said for the hundredth time by others, Mr. B. would therefore be nearly as well prepared to reply as if he had heard the Senator.

Mr. Stuart left the Hall, and his friends, to the number of about *ten, rushed* after him to the entry at the head of the stairs, where they lingered, spell-bound and mad, till the end.

Burleigh poured out a torrent of eloquence such as none but he can do, demolishing not only the positions of the Senator and his party, but equally those of the Fusionists themselves. O! it was rich to hear these Fusionists shouting and stamping, in a perfect tornado of enthusiasm, at the demolition of their enemies, while they themselves fared not a whit better. As I had taken pretty copious notes of Stuart's speech, it was proposed that I should make a more formal reply on Monday evening, which I was nothing loath to do. The meeting was crowded to the full extent of the Hall, and we had a lively time.

Never before have I seen such a demand for anti-slavery labour as now and here. Our friends here are in the highest spirits and hopes.

Our philosophy of reform, founded as it is in truth and the right, is taking a deep hold upon the minds and hearts of the people. We only need the means and the men to bring the great people not less to the rescue of the slave from his iron bond than themselves from their false ideas and groundless hopes. And I cannot doubt that the good and the true will furnish both the one and the other. Forever for the right,

A. T. Foss.

Minister Soule in Trouble.—

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLVII.

THE ARGUMENT. — The Correspondent quoteth poetry and stateth facts—He disserteth on the Four Parties—And on the Fifth—He rejoiceth in the prospect of confusion and snuffeth the battle afar off—He calleth Gigantology to his aid and illustrateth by Jack the Giant-queller—He dismounteth from his Allegory—His account of Mr. Gardner and of his treatment by Whigs and Judge Allen—His advice to parties as to treatment of candidates—Officer Butman at Worcester—Military measures contemplated —Arrests and Bail—Stephen Foster and the Philistines—Apprehended contumacy of a Grand Jury—Proofs of Original Sin—The Correspondent maketh a recommendation and enforceth it—Judge Curtis on Conspiracy, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, Nov. 13, 1854.

"The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, the important day, big with the fate"

of Know-Nothings, Whigs, Republicans (the new *alias* by which the Free Soilers choose to be called "out of their own name") and Democrats. Or, to descend from the clouds (which is of the less importance, inasmuch as the clouds have descended upon us), this is Election Day, and it is raining in the most spiteful and disobliging way possible. I have often accused the Clerk of the Weather of being a Whig or a Democrat, according to his dispensation of his favours; but I think he must have come over, this year, to the non-juring Garrison party, and be bending his energies to the hindering of the lieges from exercising their divine right of suffrage. What the effect of this watering of politics will be can be better told to-morrow than to-day, though one would think they had been diluted enough already, in all conscience. At any rate, they are *commixted* enough, as there are four parties regularly in the field, as above suggested, not to mention a fifth, less numerous, perhaps, than some of these elder parties, but yielding to none in weight of character and respectability. I mean the one headed by your late Corresponding Editor, unless he is basely deserted at the polls by his partisans. This organization, numbering seldom less than *five* votes and sometimes rising to as many as *seven*, has, for a series of years, voted for the distinguished candidate in question for the secondary office of Lieutenant-Governor, preferring over him, for reasons into which I hope no corrupt considerations have entered, Mr. Wendell Phillips for that of Governor. But, this year, I am given to understand, juster views and a more enlightened policy will reverse the position of these names on the ticket and place them in their natural and proper relations towards each other. Though, indeed, I am assured that your late collaborator owes this promotion to *me*, it being accorded to him as a reward for my courageous defence of Mr. Commissioner Curtis against all assaults of his enemies at the time his life was in danger, and which he (the Editor and not the Commissioner) hath permitted to be attributed to him without contradiction, of which I have had occasion more than once to complain.

At any rate, I am happy to inform you that our parties are in as nice a mess as your own hearts could desire. There they are, tumbled together, pell-mell, higgley-piggley, heads and tails, making a very entertaining spectacle to an impartial spectator like myself. The greatest comfort that is like to grow out of this state of things is the extermination of the Whigs, which is firmly expected and piously hoped, and will come to pass unless the Know-Nothings lie beyond all just sense of political morality. They say that they are strong enough even to carry Boston, the very Cronstadt or Sebastopol of Massachusetts Whiggery. If things turn out as they confidently expect, it will show that a large body of Whigs were discontented under the yoke they have worn so long and were glad of the chance of deserting their old leaders, provided they could borrow a Coat of Darkness, like Jack the Giant-killer's, to do it in. I know that it is Giant Pope that is their ostensible enemy; but I shall be content to have him escape provided they can only exterminate our two domestic giants, who profess to quarrel with one another, but both of whom have agreed to deliver any innocent travellers, poor pilgrims from the City of Destruction, that may fall into their hands. Out of the blood of this blessed massacre, it is to be hoped that armed men will spring up ready to fight face to face with the monsters that make the land a stench and an abomination, and hold not back their hands until they have utterly destroyed them. The Giant down in the South Country, with whom both of these are in league, is one far more crafty, treacherous and cruel than ever poor Giant Pope was, even before he had lost his teeth, as John Bunyan tells us he hath, and one that is in full vitality and growing daily in strength, and who will devour us all, before long, if he be not knocked on the head.

But to dismount from my Allegory, which Mrs. Malaprop tells us is one of the most headstrong of animals, before it carries me out of my depth, the Know-Nothing Movement seems to have struck terror into the hearts of the Whigs—terrors such as are excited by "the substance of ten thousand men" and not by unsubstantial shadows. The Know-Nothing candidate for Governor, Mr. Henry J. Gardner, has had to suffer for the bodily fear into which he has put them. This gentleman was taken, as was your Know-Nothing candidate, from the very straightest sect of Whigdom, even that which named the name of the martyred Daniel—only he did not consent (at that time) to the death of the Whig Party, but submitted to the Baltimore nomination. He was a rising man in that communion, active and busy and not without his promised reward, though it is not likely that he ever hoped for higher promotion than the Mayoralty of this City, or possibly a seat in Congress. But since he has joined the new Order and accepted its nomination, the way in which the Whig papers come down upon him is (or should be) a Caution to all political Cripples. They attack his sincerity, his veracity, his temperance and his very poetry. He as little dreampt of the rig he was going to run when he set out as John Gilpin did. Like a young bear, all his troubles were to come. But they came, and the cry all along has been "still they come." Judge Allen, of Worcester, led the attack, in a speech there, in which he "let in" to the Know-Nothings for putting up a man notoriously Anti-Temperance and Pro-Slavery. And here our candidate showed the weakness, shared, I believe, by yours, which is the badge of the whole tribe of candidates. "Frailty, thy name is Letter-writing?" When will political parties take the advice which I have lavished upon them, over and over again? There are only two safe things that a party can do—either to nominate a man who can neither read nor write, or else, as soon as the nomination is made, to put him under lock and key, as cruel fathers and guardians do the young ladies on the stage, and never let him out until after Election. Mr. Gardner was ill-advised enough to reply to Judge Allen, which produced a rejoinder, of which the Whigs have made ample use. However, it is affirmed that the only practical effect has been to give him the Rum vote, without losing him that of the Maine Law men, who are ready to take him at his own account of himself rather than at Judge Allen's.

Talking of Worcester puts me in mind of the demonstration there on the occasion of the advent of Deputy Marshal Butman. Of course, you have all the particulars. This man was the very identical man who arrested both Sims and Burns, under false pretences. He was the one whom honest Sims stabbed, and was only prevented from converting himself from a Georgia Slave into a Massachusetts murderer by the fact that the Maine Liquor Law was not at that time in full operation. When it was known that this wretch was in a decent city (we are used to such in Boston), it is no wonder that a popular excitement was aroused, even to the extent of endangering his life. I don't say it was right, observe; but it was uncommonly natural, according to our fallen condition. And it was certainly a beautiful arrangement that it should have been the Abolitionists, and the very ones whom he had come to the town to collect evidence against, that saved his miserable life, at the risk of their own. Of course, this excited great indignation on the part of all Hunkerdom, the Whig province of that kingdom as well as the Locofoco. It is then [illegible] that Governor Washburn may signalize the dying hours of his administration by ordering his own Body Guard to escort their gallant companion in arms, in the Burns campaign, back to Worcester, to enable him to vindicate the outraged majesty of the Fugitive Slave Law. And in case they should not be sufficient, we are confident the whole Sims Brigade will once again rush to arms in the same holy cause. A National magistrate was found to issue warrants against the malefactors and hold them to bail at a thousand dollars a head! Stephen Foster, declining to give bail (even *lay-bail*), was carried in arms to the jail. I am afraid that they will find this malefactor a troublesome customer, and perhaps have to deal with him as they used to do with uncomfortable cases in the New Hampshire State Prison, viz., pardon them out to get rid of them! This will all work together for good, however, and be brought to praise God, as the wrath of man usually does.

Talking of the wrath of man, it is apprehended that this present United States Grand Jury for our District is as little likely to appease that of the virtuous Hallett as that he first attempted. No True Bills have as yet been reported against the Faneuil Hall miscreants for exciting the attack on the Court-House for the rescue of Burns. Really, this contumacy (if true) would be enough to convince one of the truth of the doctrine of Total Depravity, if one could have escaped conviction long since. It is high time that those institutions of the Grand and, yet more, the Petty Juries, so justly odious to our best and most learned Judges, were abolished. Only think how it would simplify matters if Attorney Hallett could lay a complaint before Commissioner Curtis or Loring, against, say, Wendell Phillips or Theodore Parker, they to commit them fully for trial, which should be held by Judge Curtis alone, or with only Judge Sprague as his Assessor! We doubt whether the ends of Justice will ever be accomplished until that good day arrives. There could not be the slightest question about the administration of Justice under these circumstances. For, in addition to the just reputation of Judge Curtis as learned in the law in all its ordinary branches, he has proved his fitness for political administrations and decisions by the opinion he gave in the Massachusetts Legislature, the year Mr. Sumner was chosen Senator, viz., that the Coalition of Free Soilers and Democrats by which that choice was effected was *a Conspiracy indictable at Common Law!* Surely, such a man may be trusted. D. Y.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 13, 1854.

RAIN after rain, and still the weather clears off warm and October-like. The hazy days of the Indian Summer drop off one by one, and here, fenced in between parallel walls of glaring brick houses, we are compelled to waste away this most delicious of all seasons, with only now and then a glimpse of the tender blue of the sky overhead, or the chirp of a wild bird, that, in its passage to Southern sunshine, has lost it way in this artificial wilderness. Oh for another day on the banks of the Wissahiccon—wild Indian stream!—with a stroll through the green meadows, a scramble up the rocky hill to its brow, brown with the colours of autumn, and the vast prospect of hill and dale, forest and stream! Few of our large seaboard cities, probably, have more charming environs than Philadelphia, and it is enough to say of the scenery of the Wissahiccon that it is thoroughly Pennsylvanian. By the way, it is a pity that our citizens in their summer tours, never think of exploring the magnificent scenery of the interior of our State; while thousands leave the city every summer for Cape May, Long Branch and Rockaway, or a tour up the Hudson, over your beautiful lakes to Niagara, there is scarcely one who ever thinks of hunting up the hidden beauties to be found within our own borders, among the Alleganies, by the wild and picturesque Juniata, and the grand Susquehanna, with its frowning cliffs and emerald isles. Why is it that our young men never exhibit any of that genuine love of the beautiful which leads the German student, during his summer vacation, to shoulder his knapsack for the tour of the Rhine, or to climb the mountains and explore the valleys of the Tyrol? I put the question and leave it to them to answer.

Have you ever, in any of your recent visits to our city, taken a stroll out Walnut street or to Logan square? If not, why, then—there is a treat in store for you during some future one. A mutual friend tells me, what I was not before aware of, that you have a passion for architecture, and in such a stroll as the one I have supposed your taste could not but be gratified, I should be sure (such is the variety in the style of the costly edifices there erected), were it not that I am convinced it is a cultivated one. As I have not visited your city for four or five years, I know not what changes have taken place among *you* recently in this respect, but with us they are most striking. Immense wealth has been accumulated in hands unused to it, accompanied by the desire, nearly universal in such cases, for display, without any of that preparatory discipline of the taste which would enable its possessors to expend it judiciously and enjoy it truly. The consequence has been the erection of block upon block of the most absurd edifices which you could well imagine, covered, in most instances—baluster, casement and cornice—with a profusion of gingerbread ornament, which must be a daily distress to all who are compelled to witness it. The mania, unfortunately, is not confined to the city; it has spread, in a modified, though not less insolent, form, into the country, where a romantic passion for "cottages" is becoming well-nigh universal. The fine old rural-looking stone country-houses are giving way to these new-fangled abominations, in every direction, which, in addition to all their other outlandish characteristics, have, almost without exception, an abortive third or fourth story. Fine old forest trees are remorselessly hewn down to make room for these "improvements," and bright yellow "Italian villas" are shooting up as if by magic, crowned, not unfrequently, with the climax of a Chinese tower, to which the famous one at Pekin is a trifle. Into these previously inconceivable structures their delighted owners are retiring, and settling down into the comfortable conviction that they have adopted the most approved models of building hitherto produced by the united architectural genius of the civilized world. Some of them are emphatically of the Gothic style, and, for anything I know, many of them may be after models greatly in vogue among the Loo Choos or Belochees. Where it will all end, Heaven only knows, for this "constructive spirit" is still going on conquering, and apparently to conquer.

There is nothing new or especially stirring going on here; the elections are over, round about, and the money crisis is past without any great failures, at least very recently; we pay quietly, and with a good grace, as loyal subjects ought, to the General Government, Capt. Suttle's agent in his late slave-hunt in Boston, our share of the thirty thousand dollars, incident on that elegant republican diversion, and, like philosophic patriots, as we are, avoid falling into any fanatical excitement at the fines of thousands of dollars, inflicted by the afore-mentioned very useful and expert slave-catching agent on our fellow-citizens in Ohio, for the crime of aiding in the escape of Southern property, and look, with Christian serenity, on the whipping to death, by our brethren in Virginia, of superannuated slaves who are not in a condition longer to "make themselves generally useful."

A week or two ago, a party of one hundred and fifty persons left Conneautville, in this State, for Kansas. If, on their arrival in that territory, they find, as the papers say, that their "Southern brethren" have resolved that no intruders from the free States shall have quarters there, they will, doubtless, concur in the wisdom of the decision, and, like good citizens abide by the principle of "popular sovereignty," thus exemplified, and which was so ably advocated by our representatives at the federal capital.

In our journalism I fancy I see an improvement—perhaps "the wish is father to the thought." The *Ledger* has, now and then, a really good leader, and seldom anything objectionable; and when it does say "Good Lord!" and "Good Devil!" in the same breath, the former ejaculation seems to be the louder of the two. The well-fed *North American* dozes respectably in its arm-chair, after its dinner of roast turkey, oyster-sauce and plum-pudding; in a literary way, I have to tell you that the Lady's Book is still punctually issued, without any deterioration to its literary character, which, indeed, was not to be feared.

In the midst of the general dullness and stagnation, Mr. George M. Dallas, who, you will remember, was at one time suspected of a disposition to sacrifice himself on the altar of his country, in the capacity of President of the United States, has published a letter in reply to some one, sanctioning the proposition to form *Union Clubs*, which, it appears, he regards with a very favourable eye. This vigilant care of the public weal, on the part of this gentleman, would be worthy of all praise at any time, but is, you must agree with me, peculiarly affecting at the present juncture, and under existing circumstances, when it must be plain, to all impartial persons, he can have but little hope of an opportunity to devote himself to the public weal, at the sacrifice of that private felicity which constitutes the full fruition of the statesman, as well as the man of more limited capacity, and from which it would require so great an effort on the part of Mr. Dallas to tear himself.

From our Cincinnati Correspondent.

The late Election in Ohio—Large Majorities—Southern Views of the Merits of the Contest—Paid Fire Department—Steam Fire Engines—Monetary Affairs—Prospects for the Winter.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 10, 1854.

IT is ascertained, now, that the majority in this State for Swan (Anti-Nebraska), for Supreme Judge, will be a few hundreds over 74,000, which is by far the heaviest majority ever given in this State. One of the most remarkable facts in this election is the large majorities given by Counties which have always been the strongholds of the Democratic party, for the Anti-Nebraska candidates. The section of country immediately south of the Reserve is called the Backbone of Ohio, as it comprises the highest land in the State, and divides the waters that flow north into Lake Erie and South into the Ohio river. The people, to a great extent, are of German extraction. This district, embracing 11 Counties, has been for the last twenty-six years the stronghold of the Democratic party. The majority for Pierce in the district, in 1852, was 8,011, four of the above Counties giving upwards of 1,000 majority each. At the late election, the Anti-Nebraska vote was 24,472; the Administration vote, 17,613; showing a majority of 6,859, and a loss to the Old Line Democrats of nearly 15,000. The great struggle was for Congressmen; and the Anti-Nebraska candidates run ahead of the above vote (which is that given for Supreme Judge) nearly 2,000 votes. The actual majority is, therefore, nearly 8,000. The Anti-Nebraska majority in the 12 Reserve Counties was 15,409. Ashtabula gave 2,328, Cayahoga 2,663, Huron 1,570, and five other Counties over 1,000 each—averaging 1,250. Indeed, the majorities through the State have been so great for freedom that, taking the whole State through, they will *average* 840 for each County, for Supreme Judge, and nearly 1,000 on the Congressional vote.

In the 4th District, which gave Pierce, in 1852, a majority of 1,270, Nichols, Anti-Nebraska and Know-Nothing, has 5,114 majority!

In the 5th District, which in 1852 gave a Democratic majority of 4,409, Mott, Anti-Nebraska, has nearly 1,000 majority!

In the 9th District, unexpectedly to every one, Cooper K. Watson, who was only announced as a candidate a few days before the election, has 2,500 majority. In 1852, Green, the present member, was elected by a majority of 5,258. He voted for the Nebraska bill, and the people have thus passed their verdict upon him.

But these majorities are all eclipsed by Hamilton County, which has for twenty-five years given Democratic majorities, sometimes running up to 2,000, and gave Pierce, in 1852, over 4,000. It gives now, on an average, 7,200 for the Anti-Nebraska and Know-Nothing ticket! These are but specimens, given to show the style in which the *people*, without regard to the dictation of the old party leaders, have taken the business of voting into their own hands. Having met with such a terrible overthrow in the free States, the Hunker Democracy have been turning to the South for sympathy, inasmuch as they have sacrificed everything in its cause. But the response coming from the South is anything but consolatory. The Frankfort (Ky.) *Commonwealth* tells them that it is true they have been overthrown upon the Nebraska issue, "but upon what ground did they defend that bill? *Upon anti-slavery ground.* They claimed credit for it as a triumph in favour of Free Soil, and contended that they and not their opponents were entitled to anti-slavery applause and support. The chief point they made was that the Missouri Compromise *legalized* slavery south of 36 deg. 30 min., and that they, by repealing that line, had opened the whole country to freedom."

This is true of most of the Old Line Democratic presses in the West. Compelled by the general prevalence of the anti-slavery sentiment among the people, they were constantly assuring us that slavery would never go into Nebraska or Kansas; that slaveholders under the bill would be afraid to carry their slaves thither, and that, the the line being taken down, freedom would have a better chance than before, south of it. This has been the story told by Douglas and Cass to the North, but none know better than the slaveholders themselves how delusive such views are. Had they not been satisfied that the repeal of the Compromise would prove a pro-slavery measure in all its results, they would never have urged it with the pertinacity they did.

The Clerk of the Fire Department of this city has lately published a statement, showing the amount of losses by fire during each of the six months ending Sept. 30th, 1853, and the corresponding months in 1854, and also the amount of insurance on the property destroyed. The summary exhibits the following results:

	Losses.	Insured.
6 months to Sept. 30, 1853,	$313,542	$176,480
" " " 1854,	96,762	77,456
Difference,	$216,780	$99,024

Thus it appears that the losses in six months this year have been almost 70 per cent. less than in the same period in last year; and the losses of the Insurance Companies have been more than 50 per cent. less. During the month of October, there was but one fire, and that a very trifling one, and in the last two months the engines have been called out but twice. The pay system has now been tried in Cincinnati a year and a-half, and has turned out most unexpectedly successful, more than meeting the wishes and hopes of its projectors. Before its adoption, we had false alarms incessantly—disturbing the quiet of our citizens. Now we have scarcely any, and the whole Department, under the control of the Chief Engineer and his four assistants (one for each district into which the city is divided), is brought into action with a rapidity before unknown. The engines are all drawn by horses, the drivers having no other employment, as well as the engineers are always on the alert, and the whole force, when on duty at a fire, is managed with a skill and efficiency which may challenge comparison with the Fire Department of any city in the world.

In one of my letters, I stated that we had two Steam Fire Engines in service. I can now add that the third was this week completed, and named after its builder, A. B. Latta. It embraces some improvements, being lighter and less in length than the others, but of the same power. Some months since, the City of Boston contracted with Latta & Co. for an engine similar to that last mentioned, for $8,000. It is to be ready for use by the 1st of December. The same firm are building one for Louisville, and one for St. Louis, so that, in a few months, this new and admirable machine will be in use in various directions, and its capabilities tested in all situations.

I learn that the authorities of Philadelphia have had the reorganization of their Fire Department under consideration, but will not adopt the paid system. It is astonishing that they should hesitate or try to patch up the miserable system they have had in that city for many years. The volunteer system has had its day, and no reform is worth consideration except it contemplate a paid system, under the control of the city government.

This city has been suffering, for some weeks past, from financial embarrassments, more severe than we have known for many years. The currency, most of which has been Indiana and Kentucky paper, has been much deranged, owing to the failure of several of the Western Banks, and the passage of a law, by our last Legislature, prohibiting the circulation of Notes of Banks out of the State of a less denomination than Ten Dollars. The failure of three of our Private Bankers, three weeks since, by which many small depositors will certainly lose all the money they had, created a panic, and *a run* upon our best Bankers. But, this week, the anxiety among depositors, and the general mistrust of the Banks among all classes, was increased by the sudden stopping of payments at one time of the three Private Bankers doing the largest business, Ellis & Sturgis, Smead & Co., and T. S. Goodman & Co. These firms have stood high in credit, have heretofore stood firm in all money panics, and their suspension of payments is a sign of the alarming condition of monetary affairs. These firms are all solvent; two of them will, no doubt, resume business again when they have had time to turn their assets into cash; but they are not able to stand a heavy *run*, after having paid out very heavy amounts a short time since. There is every prospect of a most distressing stringency in the money-market here the coming winter. A large amount is required for the pork trade; our taxes, always on the increase, amount this year, in this County, to $1,700,000, all of which has to be paid by the 20th December; and, under a vicious system of State legislation, we have no legitimate Banks, or next to none, but all the banking is in the hands of Private Bankers and Brokers. We need relief, in the shape of several good banks with large capital, as branches of the State Bank of Ohio.

We have had no rain yet, the river is still very low, and, if it should freeze before a general rise, the winter will be a hard one for merchants and shippers, as well as for the poor. Fuel has begun to rise, and a heavy rain of a week's continuance, bringing up all our rivers to flood height, would give an impulse to every branch of trade.

Mr. Garrison delivered the lecture on Anti-Slavery, last week. His engagements did not permit him to stay over a day or two. The lecture this week was by C. M. Clay. This gentleman spends much of his time here, and has lately opened a Private Banking-House in this city.

Among the new entertainments is Frankenstein's Panorama of Niagara, which is a painting of unusual merit, and altogether superior to the exhibitions of the kind so common of late years. Mr. F. is a Cincinnati artist of great merit as a landscape painter. Yours truly, P.

MASSACHUSETTS ELECTION.—The Know-Nothings have swept the State, electing their Governor (H. J. Gardner, formerly a Webster Whig, but who came out before the election in favour of liquor prohibition and against the Fugitive Slave law), by over 32,000 majority, every one of their candidates for the Senate, 342 of the 248 members of the House of Representatives, and the whole Congressional delegation, 11 in number. The Boston *Telegraph* says, that while the leaders of former political organizations are swept into the limbo of things lost forever, the revolution has given to the members of the late Free Soil party a majority in both branches of the Legislature, a large and resolute Maine Law majority also, and a Maine Law and Northern Rights Governor. It accounts for this result mainly on two grounds: First, the foolish effort of the Whig leaders to monopolize the benefits of the anti-Nebraska sentiment, and the determination of the people to have a "fusion" of all, without regard to party ties, who were opposed to the encroachments of slavery; and, secondly, the general disgust excited against the Irish, in consequence of their noisy participancy in the rendition of Burns. Religious bigotry, the *Telegraph* thinks, had comparatively little influence.

The members of Congress elect are all said to be right on the Nebraska question. Four of them formerly ranked as Whigs, five as Free Soilers and two as Democrats. Among the Free Soilers we are glad to recognise our old friend and fellow-apprentice, Chauncy L. Knapp, an original Abolitionist; while we are sorry to record the election, in the Plymouth Rock District, of Robt. B. Hall, who, after shamefully betraying the anti-slavery cause (of which he had been an early and zealous supporter) to ensure his standing as a clergyman, was deposed from the ministry for a crime not fit to be named, and afterwards, as was fitting, turned up a Webster-Whig and Union-Saver! The election of such a man is a disgrace to Massachusetts.

A PRO-SLAVERY BOOK.—It has been supposed that the experience of plantation discipline, to which overseer Wise so mercilessly subjected the Rev. Dr. Adams, of Boston, would effectually cure that apologist for slavery of a violent attack of the *cacoethes scribendi*, which came upon him in consequence of a residence of three months at the South. It seems, however, that the infliction did not work a cure, the patient being, doubtless, beyond the reach of all remedial appliances and resolutely bent upon self-destruction. The curious reader may gain some knowledge of the manner in which the reverend defender of human bondage has performed his suicidal task by looking at a letter under the Pro-Slavery head, which we have copied from that exemplary exponent of slaveholding and slave-catching piety, the *Journal of Commerce*. Judging from this writer's description, we should say that the work must be exceedingly "rich" in incident and delectable in doctrine. If it tickles the heart of Old Fogydom in general and delights the souls of all the clerical Rip Van Winkles in particular (as the triumphant tone of the Boston letter-writer would indicate), so much the better; we'll guarantee that the Abolitionists shall not become melancholy or envious at the sight of so much happiness. There's *fun* in it for us also, depend upon it! How can it be otherwise, when an "enemy" so distinguished has actually put all the verdant stupidity, bad logic and worse morality of his tribe into a "book"? Wait and see

THE RESOLUTIONS of the Michigan Anti-Slavery Society (on the first page) express in plain and forcible language the principles of the radical Abolitionists, and define with great clearness the true issue with the Slave Power. We think we cannot be mistaken in the supposition that they are the work of that sound and clear-sighted logician, Charles C. Burleigh.

CENSUS OF NEBRASKA.—The acting Governor of Nebraska ordered an enumeration of the inhabitants of the territory to be commenced on the 24th ult., and to be completed in four weeks from that date; immediately after which there will be an election for a delegate to Congress, and for a Territorial Legislature, to convene this winter.

THE FREEWILL BAPTIST QUARTERLY for October presents the following table of contents:

I. Christianity; our Help and Hope.
II. The Minister in the Pulpit.
III. No Better than we should be.
IV. Support of the Ministry.
V. Latter-Day Revelations.
VI. The Church.
VII. Cotemporary Literature.
VIII. Periodical Literature.

The subjects of these articles, for the most part, lie out of the domain of a journal like ours. Were it otherwise, we could hardly refrain from expressing our dissent from some of the opinions of the writers. In some important particulars, this Quarterly contrasts favourably with many of the organs of the popular sects, but it is too much like them in magnifying theological dogmas at the expense of practical righteousness, and in representing Christianity to be at war with human nature, and not as operating in accordance therewith for man's improvement and elevation.

Art. V., on "Latter-Day Revelations," we have read with surprise and pain—surprise that an article so entirely wanting in literary merit should be admitted to such a work, and pain in view of the uncandid and scornful spirit of the writer. We are far from being a partisan or even an admirer of Andrew Jackson Davis, but this critique of his "Revelations" is repulsive to our sense of justice as well as to our taste. Alas for Christianity! if we were compelled to judge it by the spirit too often exhibited by those who assume to be its champions.

DEATH OF COMMISSIONER INGRAHAM.—At a meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, held Nov. 8th, 1854, the following resolutions were adopted.

Resolved, That by the death of Edward D. Ingraham, fugitives from slavery, real or alleged, are released from the merciless proscription of a United States Officer who ever gave his aid promptly and eagerly to the most cruel violation of their rights.

Resolved, That the eulogies which have been heaped upon Mr. Ingraham, by the press and the bar, furnish evidences of a corrupt state of public morals, which we deeply deplore, and which should be met by the severest reprehension of every true friend of our country, and every lover of virtue and justice.

'IDA MAY.'—We can call attention only to the advertisement of this new book in another column, as we are compelled, by press of other matter, to leave out a more extended notice of it written for this week's paper. We commend it heartily to our readers, though not under the impression, which, we observe, obtains elsewhere, that it is by Mrs. Stowe. The author is not announced, but we should be willing to stake our reputation for literary criticism—if we have any—on the assertion that it was not written by Mrs. Stowe. It is none the less worth reading for that, however.

A FRIEND, whom we have every reason to believe well informed, assures us that we were wrong in crediting the rumour (current in certain quarters) that the "Dick Tinto" of the *Times* (one of whose letters we copied last week) is the author of the "Reveries of a Bachelor"; the writer in question being none other than a veritable son of the renowned "Peter Parley." We beg to say, however, that this revelation as to the authorship does not in the least alter our opinion of the compositions referred to, which is that they are the very cleverest of their kind, and not unworthy the pen of Mitchell.

NEW YORK ELECTION.—The returns for Governor are not complete, and there is yet a shade of doubt as to the result; but the chances are as nine to one that Seymour is elected. The whole of the Whig State ticket, except Governor, is chosen. The Legislature is believed to contain enough of the friends of Seward to ensure his reelection to the Senate. Of the 33 members of Congress, 25 are Whigs (some of them supported by the Know-Nothings), 3 Know-Nothings, 3 Softs, and 2 Anti-Nebraska Independents. Of the whole number, only three are friendly to the Nebraska bill.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 547, is illustrated by a scene from the tragic history of the Covenanters. The leading article is one of great interest and value, being a compilation from the reports of the poceedings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at its last meeting. There is also an amusing story of "The Three Mr. Smiths," and a variety of shorter articles.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—We invite particular attention to the articles copied, in another place, from the *Times* and the *Tribune*, relating to the recent conviction, in this city, of Capt. James Smith, for having been engaged in the slave trade. We had intended to offer some remarks of our own on the subject, but want of room compels us to be silent, at least for the present.

WESTERN ELECTIONS.—*Michigan*, *Wisconsin* and *Illinois* have all given an emphatic rebuke to Douglas, Cass & Co. We will give particulars next week.

NEW JERSEY has elected four anti-Nebraska Whigs to Congress, and only *one* Nebraska Democrat. The Legislature is anti-Douglas.

Summary.

THE EBENEZERS.—The Trustees of the Association known as "The Ebenezers," having visited Kansas with the view of making a settlement in that Territory, have returned, and report a location made there of 100,000 acres.

A NEW DELUGE OF WORDS.—It is stated that Mr. Worcester has in preparation a new English Dictionary, which is to contain *ten thousand more words* than any other work of the kind.

W. L. Mackenzie was asked by an elector what he was worth. "Time was," said little Mac., "that I was worth a thousand pounds—at all events, that sum was offered for me, but it being in my opinion, below the value of the article, I kept out of the way."

Rural Nebraskaite.—"How *is* it about Ohio? The Free Soilers say they have got all the Members of Congress from that State. Can it be so?"

Custom-House Officer,—(sulkily) "Don't know. Returns seem all kind of mixed up. B'lieve they elect by general ticket out that way."—*N. Y. Trib.*

A DILEMMA.—The late anti-slavery action of the American Board, was it from heaven or of men—from the spirit of Christ, or from the spirit of wicked "abolitionism"? And they reasoned with themselves, saying: If we say they former, we get into trouble; and if we say the latter, we get into trouble. And they answered?——*not.*—ME, *in Independent.*

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.—The *coloured stewardess* of the Arctic, who was lost, behaved gallantly. She worked at the pumps, in the passage aft, to the last moment. The *white assistant stewardess* sat in the cabin, almost paralyzed with fear, and there awaited death, saying that "she might as well die there as anywhere else."

GEOGRAPHICAL AND POLITICAL CONUNDRUM.—The Philadelphia *Bulletin* propounds the following:

Why is President Pierce like the Globe which we inhabit?

Because, although he was thought at first to be *perfect in his sphere*, it is now known that he is "*considerably flattened at the* POLLS."

The Lexington (Ky.) *Statesman* announces the death of London Ferrill, a coloured man, pastor of the First Baptist Church of coloured persons in that place. He was born in Virginia; but, after having obtained his freedom, he emigrated to Kentucky, where he built up one of the largest churches in the United States—his communicants numbering, recently, 1,828. He baptized, during his ministry, upwards of 5,000 persons.

CLERICAL WIT.—One of our exchanges has the following hit: The late Rev. Mr. Chapin being asked of what use the elders were in a church, replied, that it was said to give power to ministers. He was a unit, the elders cyphers; placed upon the right hand, they increased his power. "But," he added, "my elders have got on the wrong side, and reduced me to a decimal fraction."

CLERICAL STRIKE.—At Urbana, Ohio, recently, on a Sabbath, the bell of the Presbyterian church rang the second time—the congregation sat waiting and waiting, but no minister came. After the lapse of about half an hour, a note was handed to one of the elders, who arose and read it to the congregation. It was from the minister, who said he would not preach for them any more till his salary was paid up in full.

Amherst jail is now occupied by twenty-seven boarders. Two of them are clergymen; whether signers of the "3,050 remonstrance" we have not learned.—*Nashua (N. H.) Gazette.*

We can relieve the editor of the *Gazette*. We learn they are a couple of "unfortunate men," who certified to Gen. Pierce's temperance and religious character previous to the last Presidential election.—*Independent Democrat.*

Elder Cummings, one of the immediate Second Adventists, lectured in Salem on Tuesday evening of last week, where and when he arrived at the following conclusion: The Jews reckoned by moons; on Saturday was the new moon, the last we should ever have; the 10th of the 7th month would be about the 1st of November, when the mediatorial office would cease—and that being so, Christ would certainly make his appearance on the 13th or 14th of November. He said he should never meet with his hearers again on earth, and, to attest his sincerity, took an affectionate leave of them—a last farewell.

DR. NOTT ON TOBACCO.—Dr. Nott, in his deed of trust conveying the enormous sum given by him to Union College, made the following conditions:

SEC. 58. Art. VII.—It is earnestly recommended to, and expected of, every Professor to avoid the use of tobacco in any of its forms.

SEC. 60. And each Assistant Professor, before entering on the duties of his office, shall subscribe to the book to be provided therefor, a declaration in the words following, to wit:

I solemnly promise that I will neither use tobacco in any of its forms, so long as I continue to receive the avails of an Assistant Professorship, founded by the deed of trust executed by Eliphalet Nott and Urania E. Nott, to the Trustees of Union College, bearing date to the 28th day of December, 1853, and that I will discourage the use of such articles.

A LONG COMPLAINT.—Zachariah B. Porter, of Porter's Hotel, Cambridge, was tried yesterday, in the Court of Common Pleas, on a complaint of violation of the liquor law containing nineteen counts, and was found guilty on eighteen of them, also of being a common seller. Porter was tried, before the Police court of Cambridge, on a complaint containing nineteen counts, in which he was found guilty on eighteen, and was sentenced to pay a fine of ten dollars, and costs, on the first, and twenty on the second, and twenty dollars fine and three months' imprisonment in common jail on each of the other sixteen counts, making in all three hundred and fifty dollars and costs, and four years' imprisonment, from which he appealed, and was tried yesterday as above. Under no other statute than the liquor law of 1852 has a Justice power to sentence a person to imprisonment for a longer term than six months. The case goes up to the Supreme Court on exceptions.—*Lowell Courier, Nov. 7.*

STAMPEDE AMONG THE AFRICANS.—On Sunday night last, some fifteen or twenty slaves departed this city for the colder climates of the North. It is generally supposed that they absconded under the advice and control of the very efficient underground railroad agents, who seem to hold place and profit in this city. Three of the slaves belonged to Pierre Chonteau, three to Emanual Black, six to Edward J. Gray, and some three or four to Mr. Merritt, all of this city. They probably decamped about midnight, having, under the permission of their owners to attend church, gathered themselves together and set out in company. Heavy rewards have been offered by their owners, and officers are in close pursuit of them. It is extremely probable that all, or a majority of them, will be retaken, for with the gang are a number of women and children, and we believe some aged and crippled. They did not pass the river on Sunday night, as is thought, and are yet hid in the city. They may have passed over and secreted themselves somewhere near the borders until search shall be discontinued, when they will make good their escape. If they are not very skillfully managed by their pilots, they will be baffled and brought back.—*St. Louis Dem.*

MARRIED.

CURTIS—PEIRCE.—At the house of Chandler and Hannah M. Darlington, on the afternoon of 7th day, the 14th of Tenth month, by the order of Progressive Friends, Thomas Curtis, of Philadelphia, to Sidney Peirce, of Kennett, Chester Co., Pa.

DIED.

HAMILTON.—In Washington, D. C., on the 9th inst., Elizabeth Hamilton, widow of the distinguished statesman, Alexander Hamilton, aged 97. She was a daughter of Major-General Schuyler.

JAMES.—Departed this life, on the 1st of 11th month, Phebe, daughter of Jesse and Martha James, of Byberry, aged twenty-one years. Thus has another beloved one of the youthful band gone down to the grave in the bloom and beauty of womanhood—thus again is the language extended, "Be ye also ready." Her amiable disposition endeared her to all who knew her; and her early exit has indeed made a painful void in her family circle; and in the social gatherings her absence will long be felt. But for the departed one, we feel there is no cause to mourn; the purity of her life gave evidence that a home was prepared in her "Father's Mansion," where the spirits of "the just made perfect" dwell harmoniously together. L.

KARNS.—In this city, on the 10th inst., Mrs. Sarah W. Karns, aged 117 years, and the mother of 22 children, only two of whom survive.

Philadelphia Markets.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market is dull, and prices rather lower. Shipping brands are now freely offered at $9 for good brands, without sales, and extra from $9 to $10 50. Rye Flour is scarce at about $7 per bbl. Sales of Pennsylvania Meal at $4 25 per bbl.

GRAIN.—There is more Wheat offering. Sales at $1 85 a $1 90, and fair and prime white at $1 95 a $1 97. Rye is in demand at $1 18 for Southern, and $1 20 for Pennsylvania. Corn is steady; sales of new yellow at 75c., and prime at 84c. Oats are in good demand; sales of prime Delaware at 53 a 54 cents.

CATTLE MARKET.—There were about 1,800 head of Beef Cattle offered during the past week, and all, except 600 for the New York market, were disposed of, at prices at from $7 to $9 50 per 100 lbs. A few of inferior quality sold at $6. The demand for good Cattle was quite brisk. We have no change to note in the price of Cows and Calves, the best selling at about $10. There were a large number of Hogs offered, and sales were brisk at from $5 50 to $6 per 100 lbs. Sheep sold at from $3 to $5 50, according to quality. Timothy Hay, 90 a $1 5 per hundred; mixed do. 80 a 90c. per hundred. Clover

Miscellaneous Department.

BIOGRAPHY OF MADAME GEORGE SAND.

The memoirs—or rather the autobiography of Madame George Sand has reached seven *feuilletons* of *La Presse*, and as yet she has not introduced the reader to her birth. We are in the top branches of the genealogical tree. We have made the acquaintance of the Marshall de Saxe, Aurore de Koenigsmark, Frederick Augustus, a bevy of abbés, and a good many plebeians—but of Madame George Sand not a word. It is but justice to Madame Sand to say, that she does not abuse the privilege autobiographers claim of properly introducing themselves to their readers by surrounding themselves with their deceased ancestors. The "exposition" of her story, however, lets in a good deal of light on the character of the author, and occasionally she indulges in a digression to relieve her full mind, which acquaints us with her intellectual idiosyncrasies. It is written in her exquisite style, yet I do not think it will be popular. Metaphysical language is too unfamiliar to the majority of the reading public to be easily understood, and purely mental phenomena cannot easily be discerned by the eyes of general readers accustomed for the most part to be exercised with grosser objects. I think it is rather a misfortune she has chosen this metaphysical way of speaking to herself, as, beside these disadvantages, the jargon of metaphysicians (being so very unsettled) rapidly changes and the currency of to-day is the numismatic curiosity of to-morrow. It is time I should allow the reader to judge for himself.

The motto of her autobiography is "Charity to others; dignity to myself; sincerity before God"; and it is dated the 15th April, 1847. I quote literally some of the first passages:

"I do not think there is pride and impertinence in writing the history of one's own life, and still less in choosing among the souvenirs that life has left in us those which appear worth the remembrance. For my own part I believe I am accomplishing a duty, and a painful duty, for I know nothing more difficult than personally to exhibit and to analyze one's self. The study of the human heart is of such a nature that the more one is absorbed by it, the less one sees clearly into it; and to some active minds self-knowledge is an irksome and always incomplete study. And yet, I shall accomplish this duty; I have always had it before me; I have constantly promised myself that before I died I would perform what I have always engaged others to execute for themselves; a sincere study of my own nature, and an attentive examination of my own existence. An insurmountable laziness (the disease of too much occupied minds, and consequently that of youth) has made me defer until now the execution of this task; and, guilty perhaps to myself, I have allowed a great many biographies of me to be published—abounding in errors both in their commendations and their censures. I confess I have entertained a mortal aversion from occupying the public with my individuality, which has nothing salient, when I felt my head and my heart filled with stronger, more logical, more complete, more ideal individualities, with types superior to myself—in a word with the character of novels.....I have always deemed it bad taste, not only to speak of one's self, but also to converse long with one's self.

"There are few days, few moments in the life of ordinary beings, when it is interesting or useful to contemplate them. Nevertheless, I have sometimes found myself in those days and in those moments, like everybody else, and then I have taken the pen to pour out some acute suffering, which overwhelmed me, or some violent anxiety which agitated me (agitated itself in me). Most of these fragments have never been published, and will serve me as data in the examination I am about making of my life. Some of them only have taken a half-confidential, half-literary form in letters published at different intervals, and dated from different places. They are collected under the title, "Lettres d'un Voyageur." It was then necessary to me to free myself from certain agitations, but not to occupy my readers with myself. This necessity—puerile in a man, at the least dangerous in an artist—I feel even less now than I did then. I shall say why I do not experience it, and why, nevertheless, I am going to write about my own life, as if I had it, as we eat because our reason prompts us, without feeling any appetite. I do not experience it, because I have attained an age of calmness, when my individuality has nothing to gain in producing itself, and when I aspire only to have it forgotten, and to forget it entirely myself, if I followed only my own instinct, and if I consulted my own taste. I no longer seek the secret of the enigmas which vexed my youth. I have resolved in myself many problems which hindered me from sleeping. I have been aided in this search, for alone, I should probably have cleared nothing. My century has elicited sparks from the truth it broods; I have seen them, and I know where are the principal sources of them; this is enough for me. I formerly sought the light in the phenomena of psychology. That was absurd. When I comprehend that the light was in principles, and that its principles were in me, without coming from me, I succeeded without too much effort or merit in attaining mental repose.

"The repose of the heart has not been attained and it never can be attained. For those born sympathizing, there will always be something to love in the world, and consequently something to suffer for, to pity and to serve. Therefore the absence of pain, of fatigue, and of alarm must not be sought at any age of life, for it would be insensibility, impotence and anticipated death. After we have accepted an incurable evil, we bear it better. In this calmness of the head, and this resignation of the heart, I can have no bitterness against the human race which deceives itself, nor enthusiasm for myself who was so long deceived. So I have no inclination for struggling, no need of unburthening myself *(expansion)* which leads me to speak of my present or my past. But I have said I have deemed it my duty to do it; and these are my reasons: Many human beings live without rendering to themselves a serious account of their existence, without comprehending, and almost without searching God's designs for them, personally, and in relation to the society to which they have belonged. They pass among us without revealing themselves, because they vegetate without knowing themselves, and although their destiny, illy developed as it may be, always has its sort of utility, or of necessity conforms to the designs of Providence, it is fatally certain that the 'manifestation' of their life remains incomplete and morally barren for the rest of men. The most living and the most religious source of the progress of the human mind, is, to use the language of my time, the idea of *solidarité*. [*Sensibility* is the word which would have been used in the last century, *charity* before then, and fraternity fifty years ago.] Men of all ages have felt it instinctively or distinctly, and whenever an individual has been endowed with the more or less developed gift of 'manifesting' his own life, he has been allured to this 'manifestation' by the desire of his kindred, or by an interior voice, not less powerful. It seemed to him then that he was fulfilling an obligation, and of a truth it was one, whether he narrated the historical events he had witnessed, or whether he had been in commerce with important persons, or whether he had travelled and appreciated men and exterior things from any point of view.

"Besides these, there is another sort of personal labour which has been more rarely accomplished, and which I think has quite as great utility, I mean that which narrates the inner life, the life of the soul—in other words, the history of the mind and of the heart. These personal impressions, these voyages, or these attempts to voyage in the abstract world of intellect or sentiment, recounted by a sincere and serious mind, might be a stimulus and encouragement, and even counsels to other minds engaged in the labyrinth of life. It is a sort of exchange of confidence and sympathies, which elevates the thoughts of him who listens, and him who speaks. In private life a natural impulse engages us to these unburthenings, which are at the same time humble and noble. Let a friend or a brother acknowledge to us the torments or the perplexities of his situation, we have no better argument to strengthen and to convince him than arguments drawn from our own experience, so truly do we then feel that the life of a friend is our own life, as the life of each of us is the life of us all. 'I have suffered the same calamities, I have passed the same dangers, and I overcame them all, therefore you may cure and conquer.' Such is the language friend uses to friend, man teaches to man. And who among us, in these moments of despair and depression, when the affection and the aid of another being are indispensable to us, has not received a lively impression from the confessions of that soul to which he is about confessing his own?

"Let none of those who have injured me, feel alarmed, I do not recollect them; let no lover of scandal rejoice, I am not writing for him. My name is not Marie Aurore de Saxe, Marquise de Dudevant, as several of my biographers have discovered, Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin, and my husband, Monsieur Francois Dudevant, claims no title. He has never been anything but sub-lieutenant in the infantry, and he was only twenty-seven when I married him. By making him an old colonel of the Empire, they confounded him with Monsieur Delmare, a character in one of my novels. It is really too easy to write the biography of a novelist by transplanting the fictions of his stories into the reality of his existence. The imagination is not heavily tasked. Perhaps they have confounded him and me with our parents Marie Aurore de Saxe was my grandmother, my husband's father was a cavalry colonel of the Empire. But he was neither rude, nor grumbling, he was the best and gentlest of men. In this regard, and I very humbly crave my biographers' pardon for doing so, but at the hazard of breaking with them, and of repaying their kindness with ingratitude, I will say what I desire to express: I do not think it delicate or good breeding, or dishonest, that to excuse me from not persevering to live under the conjugal roof, they accuse my husband of faults, of which I have absolutely ceased to complain since I have regained my independence. That the public in its idle hours should discuss the souvenirs of a suit of this nature, and that it should have a more or less favourable impression to this or the other party cannot be hindered, and neither of them should care, after they have deemed it advisable to meet and to undergo the publicity of such discussions. But the writers who endeavour to recount the life of another writer, and especially those who are prejudiced in her favour, and who wish to magnify or to reinstate her in public opinion, by cutting and thrusting around her.

"The task of a writer under these circumstances is that of a friend, and friends should not fail to observe the laws of courtesy, which, after all, are those of public morality. My husband is alive, and reads neither my writings nor those written about me. This is an additional reason for me to disavow the attacks made on him about me. I could not live with him, our characters and our ideas essentially differed. He had reasons for refusing to consent to a legal separation, whose necessity he, nevertheless, experienced since it existed in reality. Impudent counsels engaged him to demand public debates, which forced us to accuse each other. Sad result of an imperfect legislation, which the future will amend. Since the separation has been decreed and maintained, I have hastened to forget my griefs, so far forth, as that all public recrimination against him appears to me to be in bad taste, and would seem to exhibit an obstinacy of resentments to which I am no accomplice. This said, the reader may imagine that I shall not copy in my memoirs the papers of my suit. It would be setting me a too painful task, to give places there to puerile rancour and to bitter souvenirs. I suffered a great deal from all that affair; but I am not writing to complain and to procure consolation. The pains I might relate as touching a purely personal fact, would have no general utility. I shall narrate those only which may befall all men. So I say once more, lovers of scandal, shut my book from the very first page, it is not written for you.

"My mother was a poor girl out of the streets; her father, Antoine Delaborde, was a bird-seller. Her god-father was Barra, another bird-seller, whose name may still be seen on the Boulevard du Temple, over an edifice of cages of all dimensions, where a troop of birds still sing merrily, and which I regard as so many god-fathers and god-mothers, mysterious patrons, with whom I have always had singular affinities. . . . The birds are the only beings of the creation, over which I have exercised a fascinating power, and if there be any fatuity in boasting of it, I beg *their* pardon. I received this *gyft* from my mother, who had it even more than I. . . . No one has ever refused to Martin, Carter and Van Amburgh, a singular power over the instinct of ferocious animals. I hope none will too warmly contest my *savoir faire* and *savoir vivre* with the feathered bipids who played perhaps a fatal part in my anterior existences. Joking apart, it is certain we all have marked preferences for or against certain animals. . . . . It is perhaps because all the types divided severally among each race of animals may be found assembled together in man. . . . . But, I hold the bird to be the superior being of nature. Its organization is admirable. Its power of flight places it materially above man, and endows it with a vital power our genius has not yet succeeded in giving us. Its bill and feet possess incredible dexterity. It has instincts of conjugal love, of foresight and domestic industry. Its nest is a chef d'œuvre of skill, of solitude, and of delicate luxury. . . . Let no one then speak lightly of birds. They are almost equal to us; and as poets and musicians, they are naturally better endowed than us. The man-bird is the artist. . . . . Oh! the birds! how little they are respected, how illy they are appreciated! I had the fancy to write a novel, where the birds play an important part, and where I have endeavoured to say something about occult affinities and influences. I refer my reader to "Tevorine"; I frequently avail myself of this method—of referring—when I would not repeat what I have better developed elsewhere. I know very well that I am not writing for men generally. . . . People of my profession write only for a certain number of people placed in analogous situations, or lost in analogous reveries to those which absorb them."—*Paris Correspondence of Boston Atlas.*

ON THE TOXICOPHAGI, BY DR. TSCHUDI.

"The immense interest excited by my communications on the toxicophagi in the 28th number of the first year of this Journal, induced me to devote, during the period of a year, my whole attention to this fact, so interesting in a medical and legal point of view, and which, if not denied, has been at least doubted by several English journals. I have been able, during this time, to confirm perfectly my former statements, and to increase them by nearly identical examples. One of the most inveterate arsenic-eaters, who, at first, as usual, denied most obstinately making use personally of arsenic, in the end made the fullest avowal, and told me that he had taken his dose of arsenic with great regularity from the 27th year to the age of 63, several times (eight or ten) per month, at the time of new moon. He began with a small fragment of the size of a flaxseed, and during many years did not go beyond a dose of which he indicated the account by a little bit of charcoal. I took the trouble to weigh a piece of Hungarian arsenic of the same dimensions; the weight was between three and four grains. When I asked him why he had never increased the quantity, he replied that he had not dared to do so, having been made ill by it some years previously. At that time he took, while intoxicated, a large quantity, which occasioned violent colic, a burning pain in the throat, griping at the stomach, &c. The reason why he has abstained from arsenic for nearly two years is the death of one of his friends, also an arsenic-eater, who died of dropsy, and who had suffered much. He thought this was owing to arsenic, and dreaded a similar fate, had not taken the 'hidri' since, although this abstinence caused him much inconvenience.

"Since this man has ceased taking arsenic, he is frequently subject to violent gastrodynia. During all the time that he was addicted to it, he was ill only once, of a pneumonia. A circumstance worthy of remark was the immunity which this individual enjoyed from the itch, at a time when every individual in the house, with whom he lived in uninterrupted contact, was attacked by it. According to an approximate calculation, this man took, during thirty-five years, from twenty to twenty-two ounces of arsenic; and yet this frightful quantity of one of the most violent of the metallic poisons, produced no considerable alteration of the health, if we except a certain thickness and roughness of the voice, which moreover was more marked a few years ago. This phenomenon is very general among the arsenic-eaters.

"I subjoin here an extract from a letter of a clergyman, A*** de M***, who reports concerning this fact—'The information I have obtained shows that the individual in question carefully concealed his secret from every one; it was generally said however, that it was a case of arsenic-eating. This man is fifty-five years old, appears in very good health, is strong, and has never been seriously ill, but he is alway *hoarse*. He conceals the use of arsenic through fear of encountering the rigour of the law by the possession and employment of this poison. He would find himself deprived of a remedy indispensable to his health, and would be unable to obtain it. It is said that he increases the dose at the new moon, and diminishes it as she waves.'

"The manner of taking the arsenic varies much with different toxicophagi. Some take their dose all at once, allowing it to dissolve slowly in the mouth, and on an empty stomach. Others reduce it to powder, and sprinkle it on bread, or on a small lump of fresh lard. Most of them observe the lunar phases, which play so important a part in popular therapeutics, and suspend, or considerably diminish the quantity of arsenic towards the end of the moon. Those who use it to facilitate the mounting of ascents take it at the moment of starting, without regard to the lunar period.

"I cannot refrain from alluding here to an attempt at poisoning which was reported in several journals, if I mistake not, towards the end of 1852, or the beginning of 1853.

"A domestic at a country seat in the north of France, desired to rid himself of a superintendence which he found too severe. For this purpose he mixed arsenic with the food of a lady for a considerable length of time, hoping to be able to avoid every suspicion of murder by the slow operation of the poison and of the symptoms which resulted from it. To his great astonishment, he beheld the lady gaining visibly for several months in flesh, appearance and spirit. Perceiving that the small dose produced a contrary effect to that which he desired, he mixed a much larger quantity with some fricasseed chicken. The violence of the symptoms speedily produced by this dish led to the discovery of the attempt at poisoning, and of its author who was arrested. In this case we see the same phenomena presented to the toxicophagi of our countries.

"At the time of my first communication on this subject I was acquainted with arsenic-eating only in a small district of Lower Austria and Styria; since then I have received communications from other and highly respectable sources, from which it appears that the use of this poison is pretty generally spread in the mountains of Austria, of Styria, and especially at Salzbourg, and in the Tyrol, among the chamois hunters. M. Schneider, in his work on *Chimie Légale* (pp. 169, 1851), speaks of this, and refers to the large doses of arsenic prescribed by some physicians without evil effects. While this article was in the printer's hands, the following very interesting communication reached me from a friendly and highly respectable source: M. F*** St***, director of the arsenic mines belonging to a wholesale druggist, M. F. S., at M***kl, in L**au, has taken every morning for many years, a small pinch (as much as the point of a knife will hold) of powdered arsenic, to preserve himself against the pernicious effects of the manufacture of arsenic. This gentleman sent to a distinguished physician of the place one of these pinches, which he takes openly, and this quantity weighed three and three-quarter grains. Consequently he ingests daily from three to four grains of arsenic, and he enjoys excellent health. It is said that he furnishes his workmen with a system of rules on the manner of using arsenic as a prophylactic against the injurious effects of the mining of this poison.

Let us now pass to animals. Horses are those to which arsenic is most generally given. I have already explained the object of this practice, and I will complete my communication by describing the mode of proceeding. Every groom has a different way, but each adheres rigorously to his method once chosen; and all agree on this point, that arsenic ought to be administered to horses only at the new moon. Some give it daily at this time, in the dose of three or four grains. Others administer it at full moon, two days at a time, suspending it during two days, and then increasing the quantity the next two days. During these intervals they give the animals, once a week, an aloetic purgative. These people observe rigorously the rule to give arsenic to horses only after giving them food and water. A piece of bread serves as vehicle for the arsenical powder. If the animal is to take the arsenic while in use, a piece is wrapped up in linen, or some of the powder is scattered on lard also enveloped in linen, and the whole is attached to the bit or bridle. It appears that a part of the poison is eliminated with the excrements, for it is often noticed that chickens die after eating the oats contained in dung of horses subjected to an arsenical regimen. The grooms pretend that arsenic is an infallible preventative against the colic of horses fed on rye, which is well known to predispose to this affection.

"The use of arsenic for horned cattle is less frequent; it is only given to oxen and calves intended for fattening. The precautions respecting the lunar phrase above described, are equally observed, and the arsenical powder is given to the animal with oatmeal mixed with chopped straw, and infused in warm water. The effect is very surprising as to the increase in the size of the animal, but he does not gain proportionately in weight. For this reason the butchers rarely buy cattle fattened in this manner by the eye, for the real weight is inferior to that which might be inferred from the appearance. It is needless to remark that this process is only employed for cattle intended for fattening, and never for draught animals. In Styria, as well as in Austria, there are farmers who, on account of the practice, are known by the name of *hidri-bauer* (arsenic-peasants). Arsenic is often given in small doses to hogs, especially when beginning to fatten them; a dose of the sulpharet of antimony is also sometimes given daily. It has been found that the *purified* sulphuret of antimony (*autimonium sulphuratum nigrum lavigatum*), such as is prepared by the druggists, is inert, and that it is only the wholesale article which exerts its known effect. This may be owing to the not insignificant quantity of sulphuret of arsenic usually contained in the latter article.

"It will be seen that the employment of arsenic with animals is subject to the same rules observed by the toxicophagi themselves. It would not be uninteresting to know whether the beneficial effects of small doses of this poison observed in animals has led to experiments on the human subject, or *vice versa*, if this practice passed from the province of human therapeutics to that of animals."—*Translated from the French for the (Boston) Medical Journal.*

DESTRUCTION OF THE TEA IN BOSTON.

[From the Sixth Volume of Bancrofts History of the United States, just published.]

The chapter first details the proceedings abroad; the despatch by the East India Company of cargoes; the political feeling of the colonies; and then proceeds as follows as to the Boston consignees:

"The issue was to be tried at Boston; its tea ships were on the water; the governor himself, under the name of his sons, was selected as one of the consignees; the moment for the decision was hastening on. In the night, between the first and second of November, a knock was heard at the door of each one of the persons commissioned by the East India Company, and a summons left for them to appear without fail at Liberty Tree on the following Wednesday, at noon, to resign their commission; printed notices were also posted up, desiring the freemen of Boston and the neighbouring towns to meet at the same time and place as witnesses.

"On the appointed day a large flag was hung out on the pole at Liberty Tree; the bells in the meeting houses were wrung from eleven till noon. Adams, Hancock and Phillips, three of the four representatives of the town of Boston, the selectmen, and William Cooper, the town clerk, with about five hundred more, gathered round the spot. As the consignees did not make their appearance, the assembly, appointing Molineux, Warren and others a committee marched into State street to the warehouse of Richard Clarke, where all the consignees were assembled. Molineux presented himself for a parley.

"'From whom are you a committee?' asked Clarke. 'From the whole people.' 'Who are the committee?' 'Nothing is now to be kept secret,' replied Molineux; 'I am one,' and he named all the rest. 'And what your request?' Molineux read a paper, requiring the consignees to promise not to sell the teas, but to return them to London in the same bottoms in which they were shipped. 'Will you comply?' 'I shall have nothing to do with you,' answered Clarke, roughly and peremptorily. The same question was put to the other consignees, one by one, who each and all answered, 'I cannot comply with your demand.' Molineux then read to them another paper, containing a resolve passed at Liberty Tree, that the consignees who should refuse to comply with the request of the people were enemies to their country. Descending into the street, he made his report to the people. 'Out with them, out with them,' was the cry; but he dissuaded them from violence."

After further details as to the consignees and of the committees of correspondence and the council, the narrative proceeds:

"The true-hearted people were as vigilant as they were determined. The men of Cambridge assembled on the twenty-sixth, and after adopting the Philadelphia resolves, 'very unanimously' voted 'that as Boston was struggling for the liberties of their country, they could no longer stand idle spectators, but were ready on the shortest notice to join with it and other towns in any measure that might be thought proper to deliver themselves and posterity from slavery.' The next day the town of Charlestown assembled and showed such a spirit that ever after its committee was added to those who assumed the executive direction.

"The combinations was hardly finished when on Sunday, the twenty-eighth day of November, the ship Dartmouth appeared in Boston harbour with one hundred and fourteen chests of the East India Company's tea. To keep the Sabbath strictly was the New England usage. But hours were precious; let the tea be entered, and it would be beyond the power of the consignee to send it back. The selectmen held one meeting by day and another in the evening, but they sought in vain for the consignees, who had taken sanctuary in the castle.

The committee of correspondence was more efficient. They met also on Sunday; and obtained from the Quaker Rotch, who owned the Dartmouth, a promise not to enter his ship till Tuesday, and authorized Samuel Adams to invite the committees of the five surrounding towns, Dorchester, Roxbury, Brookline, Cambridge and Charlestown, with their own townsmen and those of Boston, to hold a mass meeting the next morning. Faneuil Hall could not contain the people that poured in on Monday. The concourse was the largest ever known. Adjourning to the Old South Meeting House, Jonathan Williams did not fear to act as Moderator, nor Samuel Adams, Hancock, Young, Molineux and Warren to conduct the business of the meeting. On the motion of Samuel Adams, who entered fully into the question, the assembly, composed of upwards of five thousand persons, resolved unanimously that 'the tea should be sent back to the place from whence it came at all events, and that no duty should be paid on it.' 'The only way to get rid of it,' said Young, 'is to throw it overboard.' The consignees asked for time to prepare their answer; and 'out of great tenderness' the body postponed receiving it to the next morning. Meantime the owner and master of the ship were convened and forced to promise not to land the tea. A watch was also proposed. 'I,' said Hancock, 'will be one of it, rather than that there should be none, and a party of twenty-five persons under the orders of Edward Proctor as its captain, was appointed to guard the tea ship during the night."

After detailing further proceedings and the arrival of more tea ships, the narrative concludes:

"On Saturday, the eleventh, Rotch, the owner of the Dartmouth, is summoned before the Boston committee with Samuel Adams in the chair; and asked why he has not kept his engagement, to take his vessel and tea back to London, within twenty days of its arrival. He pleaded that it was out of his power. 'The ship must go,' was the answer; 'the people of Boston and the neighbouring towns absolutely require and expect it;' and they bade him ask for a clearance and pass, with proper witnesses of his demand. 'Were it mine,' said a leading merchant, 'I would certainly send it back.' Hutchinson acquainted Admiral Montague with what was passing; on which the Active and Kingfisher, though they had been laid up for the winter, were sent to guard the passages out of the harbour. At the same time orders were given by the governor to load guns at the castle, so that no vessel, except coasters might go to sea without a permit. He had no thought of what was to happen; the wealth of Hancock, Phillips, Rowe, Dennie, and so many other men of property, seemed to him a security against violence, and he flattered himself that he had increased the perplexities of the committee.

"The decisive day draws nearer and nearer; on the morning of Monday, the thirtieth, the committees of the five towns are at Faneuil Hall, with that of Boston. Now that danger was really at hand, the men of the little town of Malden offered their blood and their treasure; for that which they once esteemed the mother country, had lost the tenderness of a parent, and become their great oppressor. 'We trust in God,' wrote the men of Lexington, 'that should the state of our affairs require it, we shall be ready to sacrifice our estates and everything dear in life, yea, and life itself, in support of the common cause.' Whole towns in Worcester County were on tiptoe to come down. 'Go on as you have begun,' wrote the committee of Leicester on the fourteenth; 'and do not suffer any of the teas already come or comng to be landed, or pay one farthing of duty. You may depend on our aid and assistance when needed.'

"The line of policy adopted was, if possible, to get the tea carried back to London uninjured in the vessel in which it came. A meeting of the people on Tuesday afternoon directed and as it were 'compelled' Rotch, the owner of the Dartmouth, to apply for a clearance. He did so, accompanied by Kent, Samuel Adams, and eight others as witnesses. The collector was at his lodgings, and refused to answer till the next morning; the assemblage, on their part, adjourned to Thursday the sixteenth, the last of the twenty days, before it would become legal for the revenue officers to take possession of the ship, and so land the teas at the castle. In the evening, the Boston committe finished their preparatory meetings. After their consultation on Monday with the committee of the five towns, they had been together that day and the next, both morning and evening; but during the long and anxious period, their journal has only this entry: 'No business transacted, matter of record.'

"At ten o'clock on the 15th, Rotch was escorted by his witnesses to the custom house, where the collector and comptroller unequivocally and finally refused to grant his ship a clearance, till it should be discharged of the teas.

"Hutchinson began to clutch at victory; for said he, it is notorious the ship cannot pass the castle without a permit from me, and that I shall refuse. On that day, the people of Fitchburg pledged their word 'never to be wanting according to their small ability;' for 'they had indeed an ambition to be known to the world and to posterity as friends to liberty.' The men of Gloucester also expressed their joy at Boston's glorious opposition, cried with one voice that 'no tea subject to a duty should be landed in their town,' and held themselves for the last appeal.

"The morning of Thursday the 16th of December, 1773, dawned upon Boston, a day by far the most momentous in its annals. Beware little town; count the cost, and know well, if you dare defy the wrath of Great Britain, and if you love exile and poverty and death rather than submission. The town of Portsmouth held its meeting on that morning, and, with six only protesting, its people adopted the principles of Philadelphia, appointed their committee of correspondence, and resolved to make common cause with the colonies. At ten o'clock the people of Boston with at least two thousand men from the country, assembled in the Old South. A report was made that Rotch had been refused a clearance from the collector. 'Then,' said they to him, 'protest immediately against the custom house, and apply to the governor for his pass, so that your vessel may this very day proceed on her voyage for London.'

"The governor had stolen away to his country house at Milton. Bidding Rotch make all haste, the meeting adjourned to three in the afternoon. At that hour Rotch had not returned. It was incidentally voted, as other towns had already done, to abstain totally from the use of tea; and every town was advised to appoint its committee of inspection, to prevent the detested tea from coming within any of them. Then, since the governor might refuse his pass, the momentous question recurred, 'whether it be the sense and determination of this body to abide by their former resolutions with respect to the not suffering the tea to be landed.' On this question Samuel Adams and Young addressed the meeting, which was become far the most numerous ever held in Boston, embracing seven thousand men. There was among them a patriot of fervid feeling; passionately devoted to the liberty of his country; still young, his eye bright, his cheek glowing with hectic fever. He knew that his strength was ebbing. The work of vindicating American freedom must be done soon, or he will be no party to the great achievement. He rises, but it is to restrain, and being truly brave and truly resolved, he speaks the language of moderation: 'Shouts of hosannas will not terminate the trials of this day, nor popular resolves, harangues, and acclamations vanquish our foes. We must be grossly ignorant of the value of the prize for which we contend, of the power combined against us, of the inveterate malice, and insatiable revenge which actuate our enemies, public and private, abroad and in our bosom, if we hope that we shall end this controversy without the sharpest conflicts. Let us consider the issue, before we advance to those measures, which must bring on the most trying and terrible struggle the country ever saw.' Thus spoke the younger Quincy. 'Now that the hand is to the plough,' said others, 'there must be no looking back,' and the whole assembly of seven thousand voted unanimously that the tea should not be landed.

"It had been dark for more than an hour. The church in which they met was dimly lighted; when at a quarter before six Rotch appeared, and satisfied the people by relating that the governor had refused him a pass, because his ship was not properly cleared. As soon as he had finished his report Samuel Adams rose and gave the word: 'This meeting can do nothing more to save the country.' On the instant a shout was heard at the porch; the war-whoop resounded; a body of men, forty or fifty in number, disguised as Indians, passed by the door; and encouraged by Samuel Adams, Hancock and others, repaired to Griffin's wharf, posted guards to prevent the intrusion of spies, took possession of the three tea ships, and in about three hours three hundred and forty chests of tea, being the whole quantity that had been imported, were emptied into the bay without the least injury to other property. 'All things were conducted with great order, decency, and perfect submission to government.' The people around, as they looked on, were so still, that the noise of breaking open the tea chests was plainly heard. A delay of a few hours would have placed the tea under the protection of the admiral at the castle. After the work was done the town became as still and calm as if it had been holy time. The men from the country that very night carried back the great news to their villages.

"The next morning the committee of correspondence appointed Samuel Adams and four others to draw up a declaration of what had been done. They sent Paul Revere as express with the information to New York and Philadelphia.

"The height of joy that sparkled in the eyes and animated the countenance and the hearts of the patriots as they met one another, is unimaginable. The governor, meantime, was consulting his books and his lawyers to make out that the resolves of the meeting were treasonable. Threats were muttered of arrests, of executions, of transportation of the accused to England, while the committee of correspondence pledged themselves to support and vindicate each other and all persons who had shared in their effort. The country was united with the town, and the colonies with one another more firmly than ever. The Philadelphians unanimously approved what Boston had done. New York, all impatient at the winds which had driven its tea ship off the coast, was resolved on following the example."

THE BAGERS

(A RACE RESIDING ON THE WESTERN COAST OF AFRICA, NEAR THE RIO PONGO).

During the rainy season, which begins in June and lasts till October, the stores of provisions in establishments along the Atlantic coast often become sadly impared. The Foulah and Mandingo tribes of the interior are prevented by the swollen condition of intervening streams, from visiting the beach with their produce. In these straits, the factories have recourse by canoes to the smaller rivers, which are neither entered by sea-going vessels, nor blockaded for the caravans of interior chiefs.

Among the tribes or clans visited by me in such seasons, I do not remember any whose intercourse afforded more pleasure, or exhibited nobler traits, than the Bagers, who dwell on the solitary margins of these shallow rivulets, and subsist by boiling salt in the dry season and making palm oil in the wet. I have never read an account of these worthy blacks, whose civility, kindness and honesty will compare favourably with those of more civilized people.

The Bagers live very much apart from the great African tribes, and keep up their race by intermarriage. The language is peculiar, and altogether devoid of that Italian softness that makes the Soosoo so musical.

Having a week or two of perfect leisure, I determined to set out in a canoe to visit one of these establishments, especially as no intelligence had reached me for some time from one of my country traders who had been dispatched thither with an invoice of goods to purchase palm oil. My canoe was comfortably fitted with a water-proof awning, and provisioned for a week.

A tedious pull along the coast and through the dangerous surf, brought us to the narrow creek through whose marshy mesh of *mangroves* we squeezed our canoe to the bank. Even after landing, we waded a considerable distance through marsh before we reached the solid land. The Bager town stood some hundred yards from the landing, at the end of a desolate savanna, whose lonely waste spread as far as the eye could reach. The village itself seemed quite deserted so that I had difficulty in finding "the oldest inhabitant," who invariably stays at home and acts the part of chieftain. This venerable personage welcomed me with great cordiality; and, having declared the purpose of my visit, I desired to be shown the traders house. The patriarch led me at once to a hut, whose miserable thatch was supported by four posts. Here I recognized a large chest, a rum cask, and the grass hammock of my agent. I was rather exasperated to find my property thus neglected and exposed, and began venting my wrath in no seemly terms on the delinquent clerk, when my conductor laid his hand gently on my sleeve, and said there was no need to blame him. "This," continued he, "is his house; here your property is sheltered from sun and rain; and, among the Bagers, whenever your goods are protected from the elements, they are safe from every danger. Your man has gone across the plain to a neighbouring town for oil; to-night he will be back; in the mean time, look at your goods!"

I opened the chest, which, to my surprise, was unlocked, and found it nearly full of the merchandise I had placed in it. I shook the cask, and its weight seemed hardly diminished. I turned the spiggot, and lo! the rum trickled on my feet. Hard by was a temporary shed, filled to the roof with hides and casks of palm oil, all of which the gray-beard declared was my property.

Whilst making this inspection, I have no doubt the expression of my face indicated a good deal of wonder, for I saw the old man smile complacently as he followed me with his quiet eye.

"Good!" said the chief, "it is all there—is it not! We Bagers are neither Soosoos, Mandingoes, Foulahs, nor *White men*, that the goods of a stranger are not safe in our towns! We work for a living; we want little; big ships never come to us, and we never steal from our guests nor go to war to sell one another!"

The conversation, I thought, was becoming a little personal;* and, with a gesture of impatience I put a stop to it. On second thoughts, however, I turned abruptly round, and shaking the noble savage's hand with a vigour that made him wince, presented him with a piece of cloth. Had Diogenes visited Africa in search of his man, it is by no means unlikely that he might have extinguished his lamp among the Bagers!

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when I arrived in the town which, as I before observed, seemed quite deserted, except by a dozen or two ebony antiquities, who crawled into the sunshine when they learned the advent of a stranger. The young people were absent gathering palm nuts in a neighbouring grove. A couple of hours before sundown, my trader returned; and, shortly after, the merry gang of villagers made their appearance, laughing, singing, dancing, and laden with fruit. As soon as the gossips announced the arrival of a white man during their absence, the little hut that had been hospitably assigned me was surrounded by a crowd, five or six deep, of men, women and children. The pressure was so close and sudden that I was almost stifled. Finding they would not depart until I made myself visible, I emerged from my concealment and shook hands with nearly all.

When the townsfolks had comfortably nestled themselves in their hovels, the old chief, with a show of some formality, presented me a heavy ram-goat, distinguished for its formidable headornaments, which, he said, was offered as a *bonnebouche*, for my supper. He then sent a crier through the town, informing the women that a white stranger would be their guest during the night; and, in less than half an hour, my hut was visited by most of the village dames and damsels. One brought a pint of rice; another some roots of *cassava*; another a few spoonfulls of palm oil; another a bunch of peppers; while the oldest lady of the party made herself particularly remarkable by the gift of a splendid fowl. In fact, the crier had hardly gone his rounds, before my mat was filled with the voluntary contributions of the villagers; and the wants, not only of myself, but of my eight rowers, completely supplied.

There was nothing peculiar in this exhibition of hospitality on account of my nationality. It was the mere fulfilment of a Bager law; and the poorest *black stranger* would have shared the rite as well as myself. I could not help thinking that I might have travelled from one end of England or America to the other, without meeting a Bager *welcome*. Indeed, it seemed somewhat questionable, whether it were better for the English to civilize Africa, or for the Bagers to send missionaries to their brethren in Britain!

These reflections, however, did not spoil my appetite, for I confess a feeling of unusual content and relish when the patriarch sat down with me before the covered bowls prepared for our supper. But, alas! for human hopes and tastes! As I lifted the lid from the vessel containing the steaming stew, its powerful fragrance announced the remains of that venerable quadruped with which I had been welcomed. It was probably not quite in etiquette among the Bagers to decline the stew, yet, had starvation depended on it, I could not have touched a morsel. Accordingly, I forbore the mess and made free with the rice, seasoning it well with salt and peppers. But my amiable landlord was resolved that I should not go to rest with such penitential fare, and ordered one of his wives to bring her supper to my lodge. A taste of the dish satisfied me that it was edible, though intensely peppered. I ate with the appetite of an alderman, nor was it till two days after that my trader informed me I had supped so heartily on the spareribs of an alligator! It was well that the hours of digestion had gone by, for though partial to the chase, I had never loved "water fowl" of so wild a character.

When supper was over, I escaped from the hut to breathe a little fresh air before retiring for the night. Hradly had I put my head outside, when I found myself literally inhaling the mosquitoes that swarmed at nightfall over the marshy flats. I took it for granted that there was to be no rest for me in darkness among the Bagers; but when I mentioned my trouble to the chief, he told me that another hut had already been provided for my sleeping quarters, where my bed was made of certain green and odorous leaves which are antidotes to mosquitoes. After a little more chat, he offered to guide me to the hovel, a low, thickly matted bower, through whose single aperture I crawled on hands and knees. As soon as I was in, the entrance was closed, and although I felt very much as if packed in my grave, I slept an unbroken sleep till day dawn.

After passing two days among the Bagers, I departed once more in my canoe, impelled by the stout muscles of the Kroomen. The breeze freshened as we passed from the river's mouth across the boiling surf of the bar, but when we got fairly to sea, I found the Atlantic so vexed by the rising gale, that in spite of water-proof awning and diligent bailing, we were several times near destruction. Still, I had great confidence in the native boatmen, whose skill in their skiffs is quite as great as their dexterity when naked in the water. I had often witnessed their agility as they escaped from capsized boats on the surf of our bar; and often had I rewarded them with a dram, when they came, as from a frolic, dripping and laughing to the beech.

When night began to fall around us the storm increased, and I could detect, by the low chatter and anxious looks of the rowers, that they were alarmed. As far as my eye reached landward, I could descry nothing but a continuous reef, on which the chafed sea was dashing furiously in columns of the densest spray. Of course I felt that it was not my duty, nor would it be prudent, to undertake the guidance of the canoe in such circumstances. Yet, I confess that a shudder ran through my nerves when I saw my "head-man" suddenly change our course and steer the skiff directly towards the rocks. On she bounded like a racer. The sea through which they urged her foamed like a caldron with the rebounding surf. Nothing but wave-lashed rock was before us. At last I could detect a narrow gap in the iron wall, which was filled with surges in the heaviest swells. We approached it, and paused at the distance of fifty feet. A wave had just burst through the chasm like a storming army. We waited for the succeeding lull. All hands laid still—not a word was spoken or paddle dipped. Then came the next enormous swell under our stern; the oars flew like lightning; the canoe rose as a feather on the crest of the surf; in a moment she shot through the cleft and reposed in smooth water near the shore. As we sped through the gap, I might have touched the rocks on both sides with my extended arms!

Such is the skill and daring of Kroomen.—*Canot's Narrative.*

* Canot, it will be remembered, was a Slave-trader.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Louis Napoleon and "the Church."—Immense sums of money are being spent, at the instig